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ANNALS OF CLEVELAND,

A Review
Of the First Year of
Our Second Century.

...EDITED BY EUGENE ZERNO...

← PRICE, 25 CENTS →

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Table of Contents.

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Looking Backward | viii. |
| The Celebration | 3 |
| McKillops' Dream | 13 |
| Robert F. McKisson | 23 |
| Our City Administration | 33 |
| Board of Control | 43 |
| The City Council | 53 |
| The Strong Election | 63 |
| County Court House | 73 |
| New Parks | 83 |
| Our Public Schools | 93 |
| Public Parks | 103 |
| Music | 113 |
| Fine Arts | 123 |
| A Religious Page | 133 |
| The Newspapers | 143 |
| Conclusion | 153 |

Past and Present.

*Look back with me a hundred years ago,
Where now a city stands with eem and boom
Of tolling the hammers and its marts of trade
By hand of man a people's destiny made.*

*'T was then a wild expanse, untraced the soil,
Its virgin soil alone by red men told,
Yet heritage from God to man given
Where he should build, should toil, and reap, and sow.*

*A vast estate that would by proper care
And nature's help become in beauty fair
A tempting place where man in ease should rest
And from his toil and enterprise be freed.*

*Its beautiful lake, its lovely woods and streams,
Its rolling lands, its shady deep ravines
Combined to make in nature's kindly way
A garden spot where man should long to stay.*

*Where he should build and exercise his brain
And add by knowledge to this great domain
In all the workings of his living day
Where he should live in peace and toil and pray.*

*And build by works of good an honored name
Till all around should know and read the fame
Of this fair city by Lake Erie - here
A strong in beauty and of goodly store.*

*And now behold the record of the past
Survey full well the scene so great and vast
Behold the city which now proudly stands
A welcome greeting with her open hands.*

*To all of just repute to come to roam
And here in Greater Cleveland make their home
Where nature smiles, and art and science show
How much of good a hundred years can grow.*

The Scribe for White's Pavilion Group.

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THE ANNALS
— OF —
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1896—1897.

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— OF —
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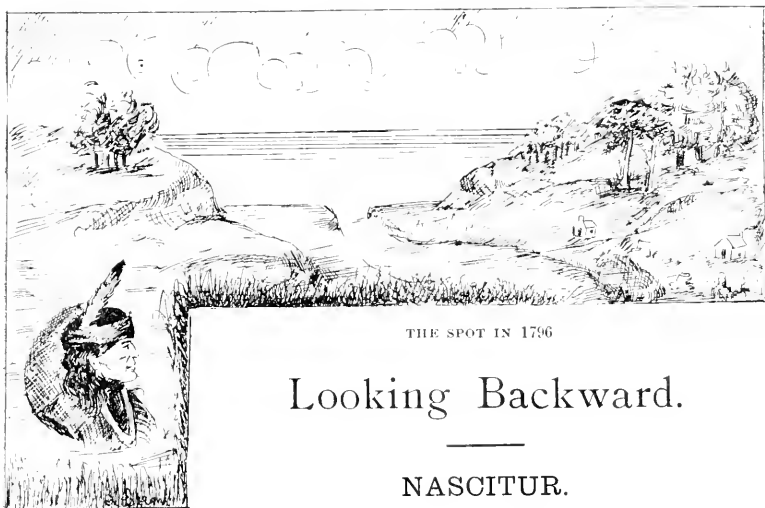
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EUGENE ZERNO.

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THINGS present themselves to us in the way in which we are accustomed to look at them. As mental visions differ, the same thing never appears the same to two of us. Bear, therefore, with an honest man's opinion, whatever it may be. Such should be tolerance in the present, as it will be in future times.

THE EDITOR.

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It was some time subsequent to the discovery by man that the Creator had caused the earth to exist for the benefit of humanity, that Columbus discovered America—and Moses Cleaveland the spot at the swamp-hidden mouth of the Cuyahoga River, where, in 1796, he purposed founding a city. The record of the event first named above is of some consequence, inasmuch as the editors of our urban newspapers seem to observe the order of things as in a mirror, the city of Cleveland first, the rest of the universe later in date.

I propose writing the true history of our beautiful town.

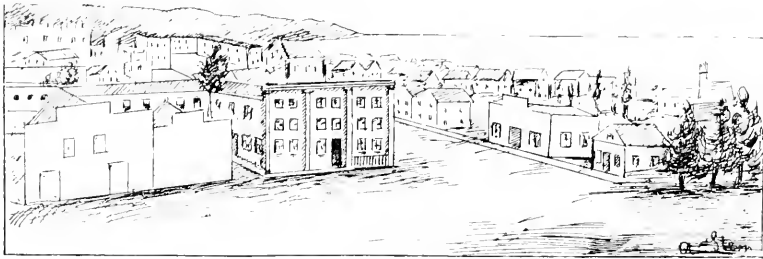
In the light of the present, it is remarkable that the land upon which Cleveland stands to-day was owned, a century back, by a company or corporation of real estate men; a class which would be referred to by many citizens as that of "land-sharks," for whom Moses Cleaveland acted as agent. I have often wondered that this fact has never occurred to our Franklin Club, and



that its members have never filled him with dynamite as he stands alone and unprotected upon the Public Square. Nothing easier, for this bronze man is a hollow man.

The real, but now defunct Moses Cleveland, was undoubtedly a man of courage and enterprise—note his long, energetic nose, and well-rounded, protruding chin. As the general agent of the Connecticut Land Company, which bought millions of acres as would an up-to-date syndicate, he must also have been a shrewd man. Moses surveyed the land and left the rest for the people who came after him. It was a rude task—this doing “the rest.” True, the Indians of the neighborhood were of a peaceful disposition—from an Indian point of view.

After Mr. Cleveland's departure, three white men remained behind him, whose names are the first and last of the list we give later on. A few small houses, not as strong as the Centennial

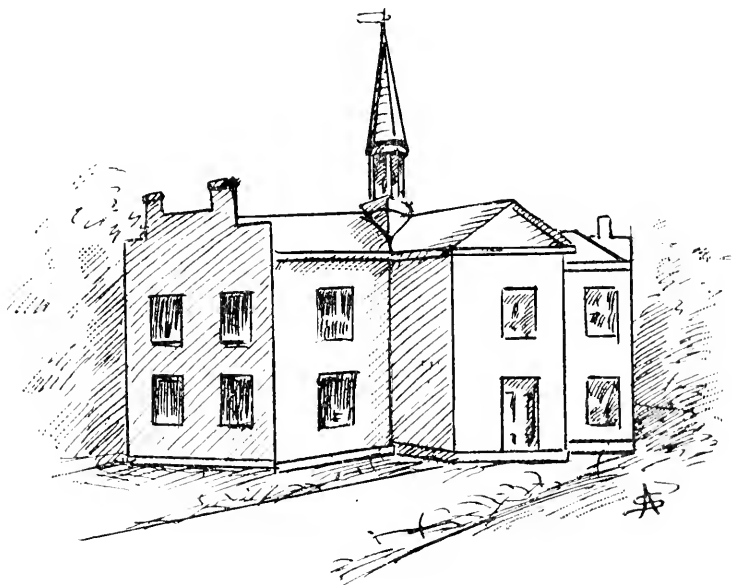


block house standing until recently upon the Square, were erected near the mouth of the river, the waters of which were then less noisome than nowadays. It must be true that the advance of civilization pollutes Nature's courses. We seem to be an unclean set.

The advent of another pioneer, in the person of Ed. Paine of Painesville, marks the first epoch in our history. He of

Painesville was a trader by trade. He dealt exclusively with the Indians and made their furs fly while his whisky kept their legs dancing.

A few more people arrived "in town." We began to increase by inches, one of our early fathers becoming the husband of Chloe Inches, a servant girl employed by Lorenzo Carter. But let not your hearts be troubled, for even though one of our foremothers was a servant girl, yet was one of our forefathers a

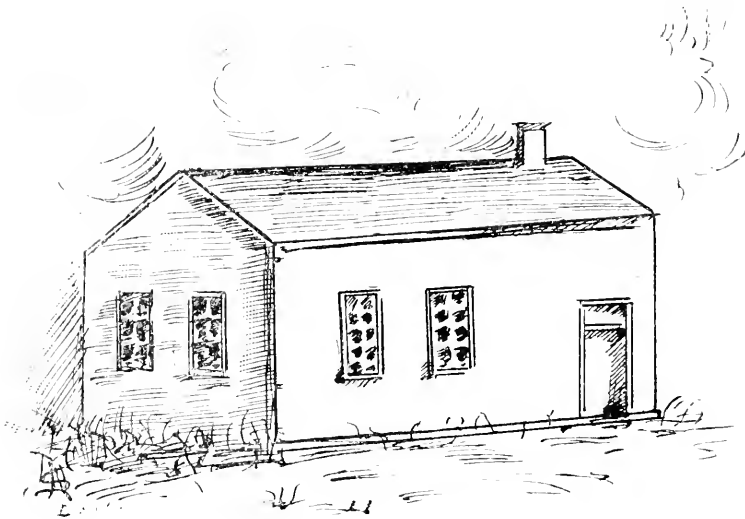


gentleman able to employ one. I mention this fact as one of equal consolation to rich and poor, both of which classes may partake of our pride in our Cleveland ancestry.

At the end of the last century there were, besides the Carters, the Doan, Edmonds and Hawley families in Cleveland. The rest of the people—stragglers, chiefly—lived in the immediate neighborhood, in Newburg and Kinsman. Having Newburg already at hand, the next thing in order was to lay out a graveyard. People began to die before they were well rested in this

neighborhood. The saloon could not have been at a great distance.

Cleveland became part of a town—at least, a county seat, in 1810. The first memorable occurrence in our history was the session of a court, a fact which chimes with the civilization of our century. Two years later a court house was built and a murderous Indian was hung. The place of execution was our beautiful Public Square, since then desecrated once more by the slaughter of the Artistic Sense upon the same spot.



In the month of June, 1812, the clarions of war caused no little consternation among our brave townsmen. They hurried from their homes—not to meet the enemy, but to seek salvation in flight. A few, however, true patriots, organized an armed force, 56 strong, to defend their country. The English forces dared not come near us for two months following. In that time General Perkins and Elisha Dibble arrived with their troops, engaging in bloody warfare the few hostile Indians and Redcoats who dared bear arms against American independence. Neither

side gained much through the military tactics of the enemy. An arsenal was built, giving the town the distinction of becoming a military post.

The victory of Oliver Hazard Perry belongs to the history of the nation, and I refrain from narrating the events of September 13, 1813, on Lake Erie. But here is a bumper to you Oliver—one of the big bumpers you emptied with a relish. May you acknowledge it gracefully, for we have treated you shabbily in these days of degeneracy! Albeit, it is not our fault that the sons of the Rebellion have relegated to the lower shelf the sons of the Revolution.



OUR BOYHOOD.

The restoration of peace found us with a population of a hundred souls. We had now waxed sufficiently strong to withstand our first dose of politics and a bank. The latter was founded by Leonard Case, a man of sterling quality. Political activity was instituted by the first men who found it profitable to meddle with their neighbors' affairs. In the year 1817 a church was erected at the corner of St. Clair and Seneca streets. We were in possession of nearly everything a community is more or less in need of: A tavern, school house, prison, gallows, government with its tax-gatherers, graveyard and church. I

mention the church last, because its functions are to guide us to heaven after our earthly careers are ended, to open the gates with a brotherly "bon voyage."

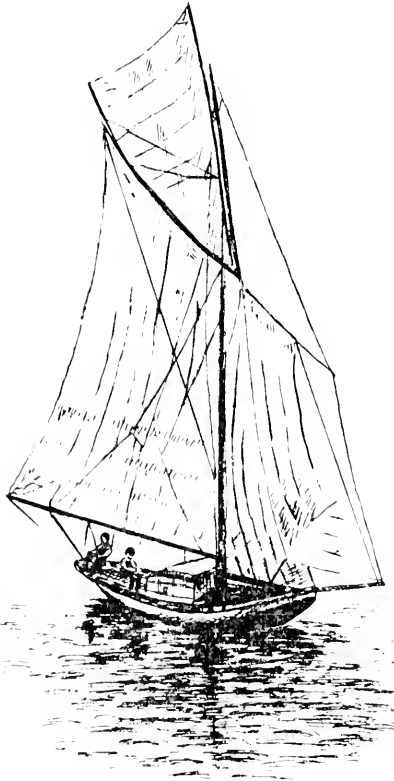
A railroad, whose reckless employes alarmed our city fathers by running trains through the city at the frightful rate of twelve miles an hour, survived from the many attempts at railroading

(which developed generally only "two streaks of rust and a mortgage") and it became possible to make the trip through the State in less than a week. We were thus connected with our rival city, Cincinnati, and became a lake port of some consequence. Even the penurious Congress awoke to this fact at length, and an appropriation of \$5,000 for improvement of our harbor followed. The old river bed was abandoned and a new one made. Piers and docks were built.

How busy our fathers were. Quite as busy as we are nowadays, un-

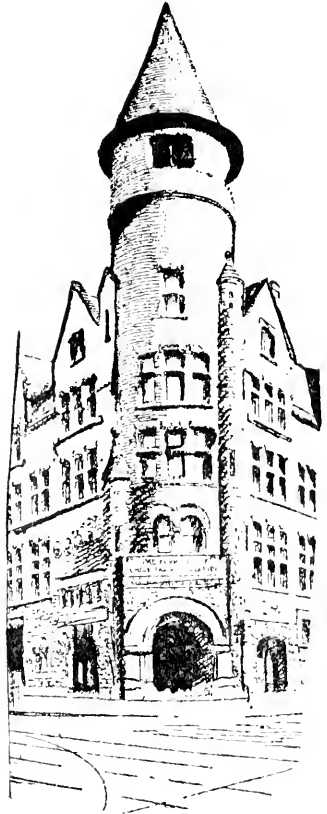
doing their work, remodeling, enlarging, digging, building—talking.

In 1834 was built another church, which was four years later consumed by fire; perhaps a deserved fate. In its place the Old Stone church, still standing, was built. It really appears that churches were as much needed then as now.



The people of Cleveland fell a prey to the fever of speculation. A business and building "boom" was inaugurated in Ohio City (now the West side) by the Buffalo Land Company (land cormorants, in later phrase) and for a time everything bloomed and boomed. People generally believed that they were becoming rich, until the inevitable reaction set in. It was then discovered that if we had advanced one step it was only to be hurled back two and three. We, the people, were prostrated for a time, which might have been used to better advantage.

A quarrel prevented a hopeless collapse. The people of Ohio City were envious of their neighbors of Cleveland, which surpassed the trans-Cuyahoga town in many ways. They were a proud people, and were wont to look upon Cleveland as a younger sister of theirs, their charter having been issued March 3, 1836, while Cleveland's articles of incorporation were dated March 5, 1836. Real estate men, ever active, helped matters along. Two of them built a bridge over the river to facilitate traffic between the two cities. The good people of Ohio City mistook the peaceable structure for a menace and knocked its timbers

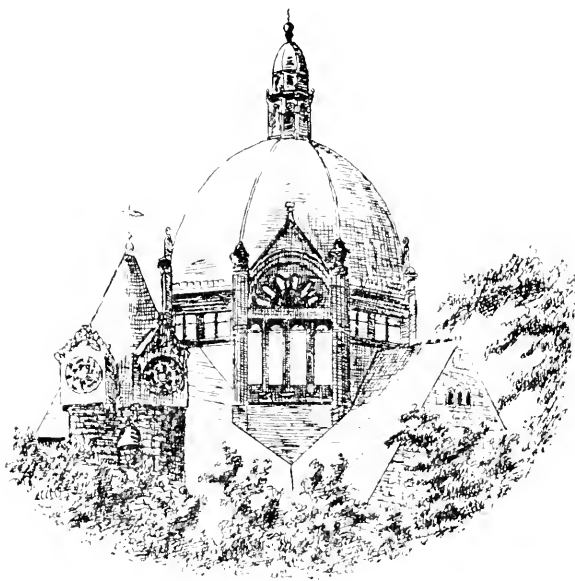


from under it. A lawsuit followed, our friends came to their senses and an era of prosperity followed. According to optimistic philosophers we are still "in it," thanks to the Lord.

In the van of this era was a city election which gave us a mayor, a few other officials, a half dozen councilmen and three

justices of the peace. Later on another school house and two additional public buildings were erected. Then followed a railroad (in 1851) to Columbus. In 1854 Ohio City surrendered and became our West Side, adding 4,000 inhabitants to the 20,000 souls of the rapidly growing town. Waterworks, a street railroad and a market house were the next improvements.

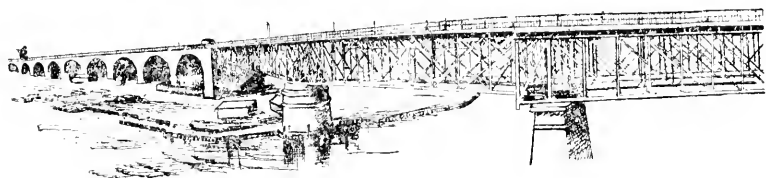
In 1860 the city contained 43,836 inhabitants, including many patriotic citizens who took up arms and faced the sea of



trouble which in the following year flooded the entire country. There were others—others who preferred to evince their patriotism by sending substitutes to the fields of battle. They, too, were loyal citizens, for they opened their purses (never mind that the generosity was compulsory to a degree), a heart-rending task to many good people. The monument upon the Square pays a loving tribute to those who risked or lost their lives in that long, brotherly season of bloodshed—the pension bureau does the rest.

In the years following the close of the war our city grew with the rapidity and effulgence of a mushroom, in all directions ; it became an industrial center, a real lake port, a home for the wealthy who created Euclid avenue with all its splendor, and were wise enough to preserve the grand old trees, nature's gift.

Have you never, on a rainy day, when the atmosphere was laden with the outpour from thousands of chimneys, gazed southward from the Superior street viaduct? Should you fail to appreciate the beauty of the landscape then, I opine that you lack the soul of an artist. It is the picture of a dream such as dreams the devil—who is, with all his faults, a painter of merit. Go, look and ponder.



The society for Atmospheric Purity can not be sensitive to the picturesque, though it counts among its members a Professor Olney and a "Cooney" Mizer.

We are a practical people. The history of our Public Square will demonstrate it. A court house and a jail graced this green spot in bygone years. Then came a revulsion of sentiment, and flowers grew and Perry's pretty monument arose upon it like an enchantment—only to vanish, like other sweet visions—for it was seen to have been all a mistake. In the light of newly dawned intelligence a City Hall might be seen upon the Square—in the newspapers and in various prints. But, thanks to busy politicians, and for political reasons, it exists as yet on paper only, although we know not what the future may bring forth. Yet there remains a huge granite block, laden with prosaic emblems, a monument to bad taste, incapability and architectural monstrosities, rather than to the praiseworthiness, lofty character and

patriotism of those who prompted the erection of the Soldiers' monument.

ADOLESCENCE.

To-day the city of Cleveland is, taken all in all, certainly a charming abode for nearly all of us. Here are beautiful streets, other than famed Euclid avenue—miles of them. Poor streets there are, and poor houses on them for miles, but a good, industrious wife, a dear and pretty daughter (our daughters are all pretty, whether the fact is known outside the family circle or not does not matter) know well how to make our homes bright in spite of poverty—they are jewels in themselves. God bless them.

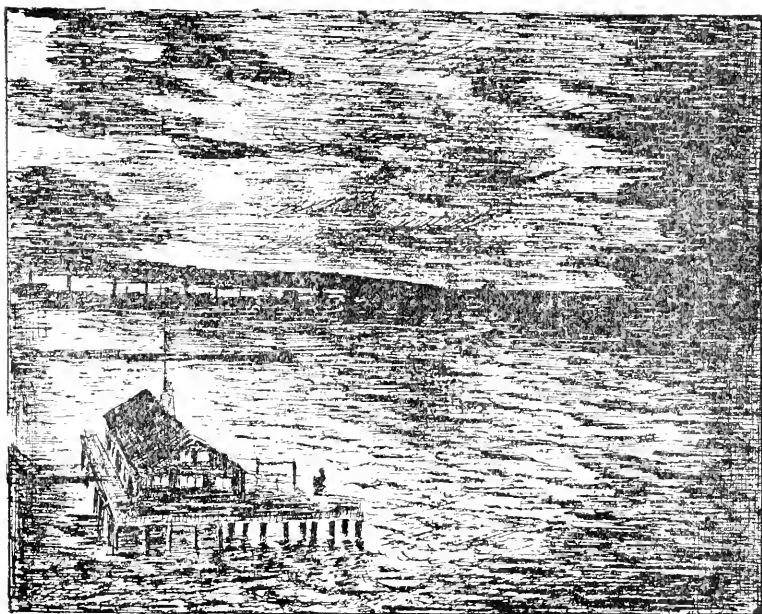
Some of us are living in hovels, starving, suffering from want, not always brought on by ourselves. Woe to us, if the Crea-



tor, looking down upon the wretched hut and the proud church of stone, peopled by happy, well-fed worshippers, draws comparisons. Christianity! Christianity!

There is a brighter side. In recent years the city has acquired a system of parks of great natural beauty. Wade and Gordon parks, the largest of these, were given to us by their public-spirited owners. Mr. John D. Rockefeller thought of us, as did other generous minded men of smaller fortune. Parks and parkways have been bought by the Board of Park Commissioners—the "elephant of the city" it is called. I want to be the especial champion of our parks, not of the Park Commissioners—they may look out for themselves. But, let us have parks by all

means. A green spot in the midst of a sea of houses has all the refreshing effect of an island rising smilingly from a desert of waves—ugly, merciless waves, ever ready and eager to swallow those who, even as we, are sailors upon the ocean of life. As in the island haven, so in the green of the parks, a season of rest, however brief, cannot fail to restore strength and courage to re-embark and sail on and on until at last is reached the haven from which none ever emerge.



"Parks cost money," cry watchful citizens. True, but if such fail to see any returns for their money in the form of cabbage heads, let others, who consider themselves well paid by the beauty, the balmy air and the shade of the parks, enjoy them. Enjoy them—that is if they can overlook their one inconvenience, the park policemen.

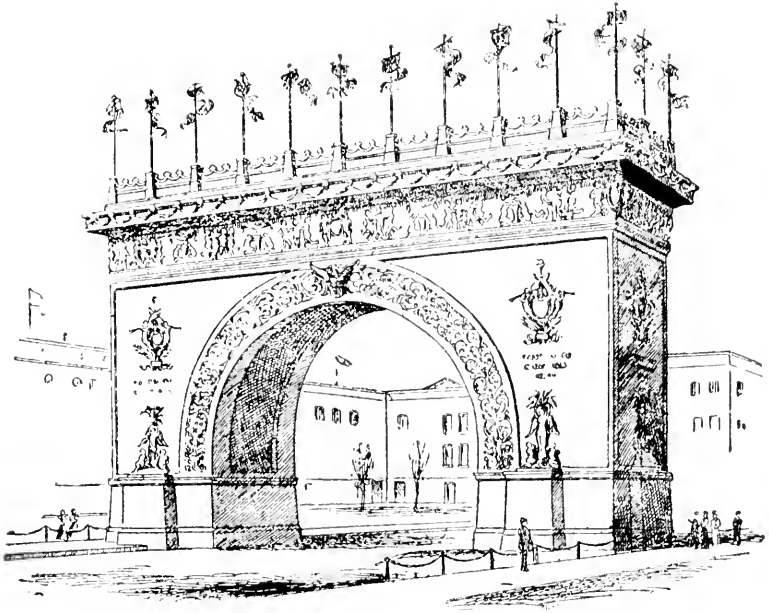
Our fair city need fear comparison with no municipality of the land whose population is above or under 350,000 souls. It

is a beautiful place of residence for those of sound lungs. Its summer evenings are cooled by the lake breezes, expelling the heated day like a Diana, swift, strong limbed and pleasant to behold. The breeze, drawn to the bosom of the lake by the cooling of the land, is soft, like the caress of a child; balmy, like her breath.

In winter—then the same breeze blows over the ice fields with the fury of a mad harbinger, belated in his announcement of the approach of the beautiful Mrs. Holly. His horn winds cheerily from the shivering distance as we listen in the security of a bright fireside.

May our city flourish in her second century! Long may the present generation endure!

Even our cemeteries are beautiful, but who would not choose rather to promenade than to rest within them forever and forever?



Our Celebration.

"O, woe! O, woful, woful, woful day!
 Most lamentable day; most woful day;
 That ever, ever, I did you behold!
 O, day. O, day. O, day. O, hateful day!
 Never was seen so black a day as this!
 O, woful day! O, woful day!"—*Shakespeare*.

He could not have meant our director-general of Centennial fame, for Mr. W. M. Day is an amiable, white gentleman, still among the living, while he, the utterer of the above-quoted lamentation, has been at rest with his fathers for some centuries. Our quotation, however, was cited by a discontented citizen during the great pyrotechnic finale of our celebration which, to use another quotation, "went to the devil ere its time."

I am constrained to take Mr. Day under my wings, even though they be bat-wings. Under his direction the Centennial



W. M. DAY.

events "went off" like the corks of champagne bottles at the great banquets. It was rather saucy of the clouds to weep during the first week of our festivities—there was no earthly reason for pitying us. True, the celebration opened with a religious assembly, in which a young rabbi distanced priest and preacher—but was he not one of the chosen people? Why, then, these torrents of heavenly tears which flooded our festive burg that very hour?

CENTENNIAL SERMONS.

The citizens' mass meeting, an opening feature of the Centennial celebration, was remarkable for its scope as well as for the personnel of the orators.

Protestant, Catholic and Jew enjoyed a common opportunity to expound before the same audience their respective teachings. Over all was peace, harmony and good-will.

Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D., a learned man, extolled the virtues of the Puritans, whom he described as stern, but worthy and energetic men. "It is due to their efforts that we are living to day in a Christian country," he said, nay, he thundered it. The reverend gentleman was right. The Japanese or Chinese might have discovered America on her Pacific side, had not Columbus found

the Atlantic side in time, and had not the English government taken possession—also in good time. The doctor claimed that the growth of the city of Cleveland had been more wonderful than the poems of Horace, Dante or Milton. He maintained further that we are honest business people, good fathers and mothers, and that as descendants of Puritans we honored our institutions and respected the laws of the land. True, Cleveland had given great lawyers to the land—be it said to her credit. The Puritans built churches, and they built schools as well; a feat possible under Christian influences alone. Under the old Roman empire the grand conquest of ignorance would have been impossible.

Rev. Dr. Gilbert regretfully acknowledged that the Cleveland pioneers built a distillery before the idea of erecting a church occurred to them. Now, however, thanks to the humane spirit of Protestants, we have churches, hospitals and benevolent institutions of all sorts.

* * *

Monsignor T. P. Thorpe told the vast audience of the first Catholic church in Cleveland, how small was its beginning and how it had grown within sixty years to the dimensions of a fine cathedral. He spoke of the hospitals, homes, asylums and schools founded by his sect, and of its readiness to aid suffering mankind and look after the salvation of souls.

The monsignor spoke well. His gesture was fatherly, his tongue smooth. He told of the teachings of the priest—first of God, then of our country. Applause rose in some part of the house. He spoke of our public schools, and blessed them. The applause became general. Father Thorpe explained further that the parochial schools are supplementary to our public schools, and ever ready to implant patriotism in the hearts of rising generations. His address breathed good-will to all.

The Catholic father had spoken well, indeed.

The Jew has celebrated many centennials, began Rabbi Moses J. Gries, and with a glad heart he is willing to celebrate



RABBI MOSES J. GRIES.

more. He has taken part in many civilizations, marching westward with the rising sun and ever emerging safe and sound from the debris of the crumbling empires of the remote past. Of these, nothing is left to-day beyond the pyramids and some tablets of stone. If the Jew lives unto this day, it is not as many think, because the curse of the Lord rests upon him, but because he is a God-fearing man.

The rabbi, or, as he expressed himself, the Jew, was pleased to meet upon the same platform with Protestant and Catholic, to make common cause with them in speaking of humanity, brotherly love, freedom, justice and honesty.

He must have had gladness in his heart, for he began to speak of the persecutions to which his people had been subjected in Europe at about the time of the discovery of America. Like a miracle it was, he said, that while the sun of liberty was setting in the east it rose in the west, and westward went the wandering Jew.

The rabbi was loathe to speak of the Jewish institutions of Cleveland. The Jew had ever sought to fulfill the great task of his religion, *i. e.*, to educate men who loved honor and justice. His religion does not reach into eternity alone, but also prepares her people for the life on earth.

The audience seemed to appreciate the exposition of the Jew, for the close of his address was greeted with enthusiastic cheers compared with which the plaudits won by preceding speakers were as weak echoes.

SOLDIER BOYS AND PARADES.

The victims of the Centennial were soldiers. Their tents formed a white city—a Venice, if you please, for the torrents of rain that fell during a great part of the general encampment converted the “streets” and parade grounds into canals and lakes. Perkins’ farm became a swamp, and within that swamp regulars and militiamen lived amphibian lives. But the “boys” were young and merry-makers, and a rare sunbeam would bring back mirth



and laughter. Strict decorum was hardly to be expected under the circumstances. Ask the young women who visited the militia camp and ventured into places where their presence was little expected, whether their blushes did not rise at remarks which they could hardly fail to hear. Ask their escorts—nay, ask them not. It is best that the unpleasant matter be forgotten, though, truth to say, it was for a time street talk.

The parades brought the soldiers to town—not in perfect alignment, but still pleasant to behold. I liked the calvacades; also the generals who fell from their horses at the battalion drills without being hurt thereby. I liked the Third Cavalry, the brawny weather-beaten soldiers of the west, who reminded me of the war time, when one could see endless lines of men and horses passing by in fog and rain, like phantoms of a long forgotten past.



THE GOVERNOR.

The most brilliant figure on horseback was our polite and gentlemanly governor, General Bushnell. Were I a sculptor, charged with the task of modeling a perfect cavalier, the governor would be my selected model.

Dedication of the camp was marred by ugly, rainy weather. The clouds shed buckets of water; the banners wept tears of blood—red and blue.

The six weeks of camp life included scarcely a dry day. It was too bad. The Guardsmen from other cities rejoiced at the arrival of the end of their six or seven days' stay per regiment, and were glad to leave Cleveland, where their reception had been watery and their visit was made unpleasant by the feeling aroused by the great Brown Company's strike. All were bored and disgusted with the selection of the camp grounds.

THE LOG CABIN.

The Log Cabin is thus far the sole monument of the celebration which seems likely to endure for another century. It was dedicated by the Early Settlers' Association. 'Tis said that Moses Cleaveland smiled as only "living bronze" can smile, from his elevated position across the Square as he gazed down upon the good people, many of whom were born during his lifetime. Doubtless he espied his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Louisa Warner among the throng.

Another smiling face present at the ceremony was that of "Father" Addison. The old gentleman may have lost a portion of his teeth in his long contest "against time," but he is yet able to whistle "Auld Lang Syne." Though his hair be white as snow, his heart is still young. He certainly is one of our "landmarks." He was as busy during the Centennial as our director-general.

The cabin may be seen at the right of the eastern entrance to Gordon Park, but on its removal thither it was not re-erected with as much care as when first built upon the Square.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

It was a great day—the greatest of them all. There were speeches in the forenoon—people are fond of talking. Then there was singing. From a practical point of view the best speech of the day was made by J. G. W. Cowles (why so many initials?). He announced the donation to the city by Mr. John D. Rockefeller of a strip of land in the East End valued at over \$600,000. The announcement was greeted with deafening applause.

Parades took place in the afternoon and evening, stirring the entire city to wonder, filled the coffers of the street railroad companies, and proved that a hundred thousand people, possessed of good humor, can be easily taken care of—if left alone. The evening parade was greatly admired by the unskillful, and ridiculed by the “knowing ones.” Few of the floats in the procession were significant of the celebration. Many had been purchased at second-hand from the Veiled Prophets of St. Louis. We had seen better efforts a few years before, when our German citizens celebrated German Day. The floats used on that occasion had been conceived by a Cleveland artist (Bandlow), and were built in this city.



Jupiter Pluvius still interfered with the festivities. The soldiers felt that they were seeing service of the severest kind, but the official program went on. It became a bit tiresome, as we went from one celebration to another. The bicycle parade made a hit. It was modern, brilliant, full of color and motion. Viva le bike!

More meetings. More parades. A beautiful floral exhibition. The Knights of Pythias encampment, full of gayety and pleasure. Finally, the celebration of Perry's Victory. Of Woman's Day I find one wicked mention among my notes. It reads thus:

"Woman's Day.—The exercises at the Central Armory on Woman's Day drew a large assemblage of the fair sex. I stood at the door, listening to the speeches. An elderly, heavy-set lady spoke with a loud voice, the ring of which, more metallic than pleasant, filled the vast hall. All that I was able to understand were the words: 'Beer—millionaires—something radically wrong in Cleveland.'

"I thought so myself, and left—on account of the great heat pervading the hall."

THE CENTENNIAL BALL.

There exists at least one woman who will not soon forget the Centennial Ball. Not so much on account of its great splendor, its social success, its unique "*raison d'être*," but because of her meeting with an adventure as annoying to herself as amusing to the spectators, will the fete cling to her memory. It had, as usual, been raining during the day and evening, and it was her misfortune to place a dainty foot, on alighting from her carriage, in one of the numerous mud puddles in the neighborhood. As she entered the blazing ball-room (at the Gray's Armory), a long and broad streak of mud became visible. It formed a band, a foot in width, in the front of her white, silk skirt. The electric light shone mercilessly upon the stain and forced the lady guest to retire from the hall. My heart went with her. It grew dark before my eyes, but when vision returned all was changed.

Governor Bushnell, the superb cavalier, was bowing in courteous attitude before a lady. Both, however, had congealed to marble statues, white as snow. In great bewilderment I looked about the hall. Wherever my gaze rested I beheld couples or groups of guests, all rigid stone. The picture was full of animation, but the actors were void of life, warmth or movement. I seemed to be lost in a museum of Grecian sculptures. I recognized many faces—no Venus nor Apollo among them. Little of the ideal beauty of classical art could be detected.

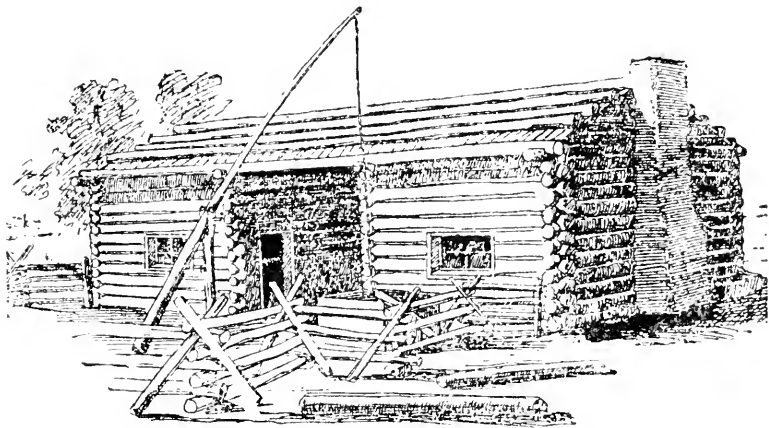
The forms were those of every-day people. Some were too full; some angular. No silken gowns or fine embroideries hid the faulty lines of the white and lifeless statues.

Evidently I had gone astray in some museum of modern sculpture, probably an exhibition of the works of materialistic art. I observed that, even though modern artists had lost the sense of the beautiful, they were eminently successful in portraying the facial characteristics of their subjects. Every marble face betrayed the thought of the living being at the moment of transmutation. Here was a smile frozen to the lips; there a grin. The lines of one face were disdainful; another bore an expression of scorn. The scornful face looked into that of a young man of mean appearance. Apparently the owner of the face was not over pleased with an invitation to dance. The eyes of a beautiful male statue were fixed upon a lady who seemed to enjoy a confidential confab with another man-figure. They looked almost life-like in their earnestness. The grotesque was approached by the statue of a corpulent woman, leaning upon the marble arm of an attenuated young man. This group was watched by a comely, slender maiden, whose face was full of solicitude. Another young woman was immortalized in the act of secretly wiping a tear away. Near her stood a young man in the act of blowing his nose with a handkerchief. The linen had doubtless crumbled to dust.

The musicians, frozen, like the guests, in the midst of the fete, formed a picture at once life-like and amusing. As I paused, admiring the great skill and natural execution of the unknown sculpture who had created the marvels before me, the arm of the bass drummer moved suddenly. I was startled, and heard a loud "thud." To my mortification I discovered that I had fallen asleep, and had been rudely awakened by the dropping of my head upon the railing of the balcony whence I had been looking down upon the brilliant scenes of the Centennial Ball. It was 1 o'clock in the morning, and I had been afoot all the previous day.

The celebration finally wound up in a "fizzle." The fireworks exploded an hour prior to the time set. The sham battle was fought before a vast multitude of people, who were unaware of what was going on before their eyes. It was a sham battle in the severest sense of the term. As the last public demonstration came the popular "howl" next day.

The Centennial Celebration began July 19 and ended September 10. For it were expended \$70,000 in fireworks, decorations, parades, meetings, and arch and other ephemeralities. We enjoyed ourselves like children, and when all is over grumble over our folly. Still, the log cabin is left. It might have been a prouder monument — that's all.



McKinley vs. Bryan.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

The remarkable presidential campaign of 1896 found, in Cleveland, its most varied expression upon our Public Square. There politicians of all shades expounded their theories. Upon that beloved spot the man who called not a dollar his own counselled the nation and its millionaires as to their financial policy. There will the coming Revolution (?) be fought. Beware of the Square!

Was not the mayor forced to appear upon that historic spot, after the police had arrested a number of the "people's orators," and assure the infuriated "mob" that the freedom of speech should not be impaired? Somehow or other, it seems that the guardians of the peace must always be first in breaking it.

At all hours of the day and night groups of men could be seen assembled upon the square. Half the populace had turned orators—some bad, some mediocre and a few good. Populism made considerable headway. At length the campaign committees found it expedient to send emissaries to stop the tide of anarchistic (sic) doctrine.

Gold and silver floated in the air like soap bubbles, intangible, but pleasant to behold. Money talkers (but not money makers) were present. The latter pulled the wires while the former danced. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. After all (hats off!) many a sound argument was advanced from the rickety board rostrum. The people of the United States, mark you, are not confirmed in folly, though as good-hearted as those of any nation. They are so patient, too. One need fear no upheaval as long as politicians utilize argument for weapons.

McKINLEY.

Myron T. Herrick bowed low toward his own carriage, which he had left but a moment before to enter the Society for Savings building. Thus, with due respect, he saluted his friend, William McKinley, Jr., the next president of the United States, who was at the time his guest. I like Myron for this courtesy of a well-bred gentleman. Grand Dieu! If your friends lift not their hats to you, your enemies never will.

Mr. McKinley, it must be said, has little of which to complain in the treatment which he received at the hands of his political adversaries. As a gentleman and a citizen, at least, he was respected by all. Even his political record, though turned upside down and inside out, gave little satisfaction in the way of criticism to the searching eyes of the eager and hungry newspaper wolves around him.

Was it a golden mediocrity that protected him?

I shall dwell upon neither the money controversy nor the tariff question, because neither has ever yet been solved and neither will be settled until universal socialism has become reality. No tariff and no money will be required in that felicitous future millennium.

Certain it is that Mr. McKinley is a man of fair abilities, good working power, a model husband (your bow is acknowledged, ladies), a loving son, an earnest citizen. There be those, however, who doubt whether he will prove firm as a president. Mark Hanna's ascendancy upon the political horizon has somewhat overshadowed our Napoleon of tariff fame. He is not the only rock in the ocean. Yet he represents all that is staple, to-day, and all disinclination to fall into the abyss of the social question is embodied in him.

He stands for our culture, our institutions, our manufacturing interests. He is a friend of workingmen, and they are his friends. We refer doubters to the result of the election.

Our next president is a pleasant and social gentleman, a man of tact and decorum. Dignity is a fitting quality in a man chosen to high office and is not to be lightly regarded provided it be not a mantle to cover the hollowness of a quack. Being no disciple of Jeffersonian Democracy, no reason called him to go among the people and preach his political doctrine. The people went to him and he spoke of pleasant things, referred to his and their patriotism, praised their commonsense in matters of national importance and prophesied a brighter future. Mark my word—his prophecy will be fulfilled. Sunshine follows rain, even in human affairs. Who will say that Mr. McKinley is not a wise man, a seer of the future? He has been called a man of one idea. But what if that one idea be the idea that gives work to the unemployed and secures for every workingman a fair wage? If his idea furnishes the means to these blessings, it is not his fault that the manufacturer pockets the profits. He can hardly prevent that.

We of Cleveland have seen and heard much of Mr. McKinley during the past summer. He was our guest. We cheered him and he bowed and smiled upon us. He spoke to us in nice, scholarly phrases and here as in Canton, his words were pleasant. And why should not the sky appear rose-lined to him? He has reached the goal of his life's ambition, his friends are numerous and powerful, his health and appetite are good, he sleeps well and must view with pleasure the prospect of going to Washington clothed in a suit made entirely of American fabrics. An urbane occupant of the presidential chair promises to give a pleasant surge to the disappointment of unsuccessful politicians. If Mr. McKinley succeed in this, peace and prosperity must soon prevail the country over.

All hail to our new president.

MARK HANNA.

Our townsman, Mark Hanna, did not make politics his business. He rather made a business of politics. The ever-successful business man, Hanna, was therefore sure to succeed in politics. The event proves our assertion. He must have conducted the presidential campaign in the same manner as he attends to his large business interests. The organization of his forces was perfect. He proved himself the possessor of the eagle eye and massive brain of the High Sheriff of Nottingham, but he also proved a better jester than that important personage of comic opera.

There is a striking similarity between the opera and the last campaign. The worthy sheriff fought robbers, outlaws, men of the road. Our Marcus Alonzo denounced the silverite host as anarchists, cheats and frauds. The majority accepted the joke in dead earnest and worked with a will to destroy this band of firebrands.

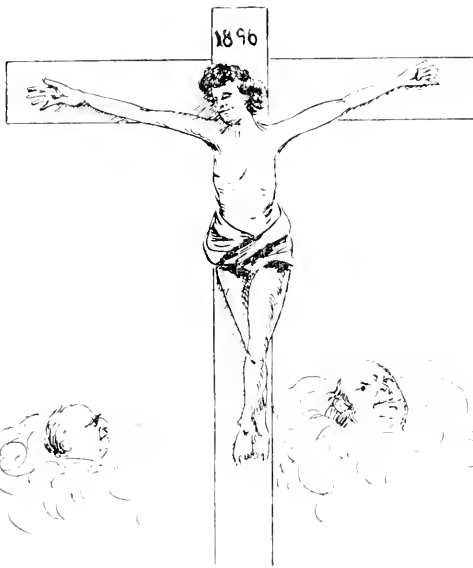
I venture that Mark Hanna often laughed over the success of the farce—played, I will also admit, for the good of his country. He understood his fellow citizens better than his neighbors. He played upon their patriotism, their selfishness, their conservatism; in short, upon their good and bad qualities. Who will deny that it was a masterly hand that swept the multifarious strings of his political instrument?

Our Marcus Alonzo has been attacked as a monster. His enemies do not know him. He is a man of many good qualities—even a man of heart. He can not be classed with the "Plutocrats," the rich men of the Eastern States. His tastes are simple. He loves pleasant company, enjoys a good joke, laughs heartily and is as accessible to a poor man as the next of us. His business methods are those of every business man in the country. In that respect he is neither better nor worse than his peers, but to his business affairs he applies an enormous power for work, a clear vision, a money-making talent.

His love of politics is rooted in his fondness for strife and conquest. He does not seek office—has no taste for it—but he rejoices in the power of a *deus ex-machinae* or a United States senator.

BRYAN.

Since his defeat, the American people will accord William Jennings Bryan greater justice than before. He came as comes a comet, and disappeared like a Phoenix. After all, the boy orator was a man captor. He will yet be heard from. If you



will read with candor what I have to say, you will agree with me, for I am writing not as the "Leader," nor as a follower of "parties."

It is not the men who march in the uniformed ranks of political clubs who shape public opinion, but the gifted citizens of the nation. Of such is Bryan. In this respect it matters little wheth-

er he be right or wrong. You perhaps saw and heard him at the Central Armory. Unless they be mere jesters, there are few men of great eloquence who do not utter some powerful truths. Bryan, whose honesty of purpose has never been assailed by the fair-minded among his opponents, was in earnest. If he quoted the Bible, he spoke as did Christ to the poor. Erring, he yet voiced the manhood and the patriotism of our day. Neither a god nor a demon, he towered a giant above many patriotic pigmies. He attacked, like a fearless Roman, the

abuses of the times, and prescribed remedies of doubtful ingredients.

He was referred to as a bajazzo, but I say he has the forehead, the clear, friendly eye, and protruding chin of some great thinkers and humanitarians of the world. No man of his power of speech, his breadth of comprehension, his grim humor, his sympathetic heart can be a charlatan. Political injustice can not change the harmonies of a great nature to monstrosities. The Republican leaders did not underrate this man, for their private speech concerning him was not in keeping with their public utterances. In political strife, as in war, "everything goes." Men are brutes, after all.

The man was great even in the hour of defeat. He was tried in adversity and conquered himself. He sowed an idea, not cultivated a personal ambition. In doing him justice we are but just to nearly half our citizens. It would have been a momentous spectacle, had millions of our citizens followed an empty-headed, babbling, mouthing, insincere idol. It were folly to ignore the enthusiasm with which this leader of men was greeted, to regard as airy nothing the current of social reformatory ideas upon which he was raised and carried before the American nation. The sooner the Republican party takes cognizance of this Mene! Tekel upharsin! the better will it be for its own future and that of the entire country.

DEBS.

The hero of the workingmen, Eugene V. Debs. He spoke at Music Hall before an audience of boundless enthusiasm. Bryan's reception did not excel his. Debs, a tall, lean man, with a shining cranium, piercing eyes deeply set, and rather small and "foxy," is not an erudite speaker. His are the manners of a bajazzo, but the heart of a humanitarian. His gesture is violent, profuse; his attitude sometimes painful. He stoops when reasoning, until he seems unable to resume an erect position.

The fluency of his diction is remarkable ; his language, however, frequently commonplace. Still, he is not posing as a learned orator. He is the friend of the poor, and a workingman. I liked the following sentences of his speech :

"There is a conflict between man and the dollar. The dollar has ruled long enough. Lincoln said that man was born before the dollar."

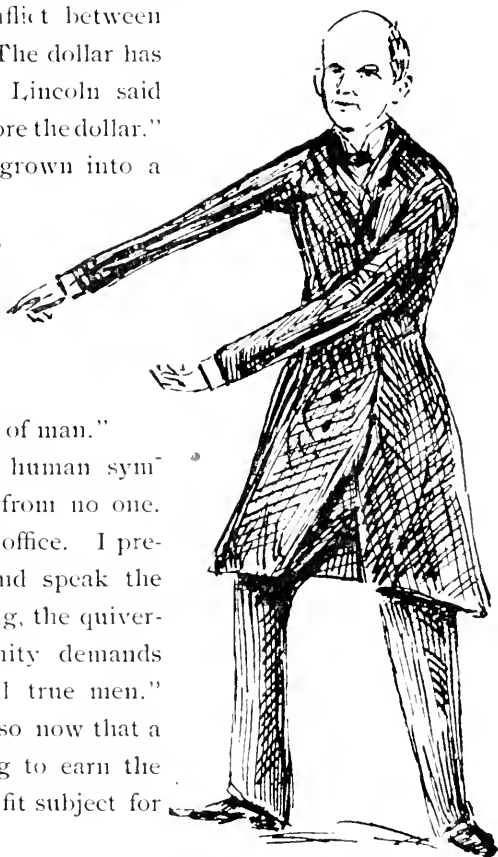
"The tramp has grown into a grand army; his march—tramp, tramp, has grown into a funeral march to the grave. Through his rags, through his squalor, I can see the lineaments of man."

"I plead for no human sympathy. I ask office from no one. Labor can give me no office. I prefer to remain free and speak the truth. The palpitating, the quivering heart of humanity demands consideration from all true men."

"It is becoming so now that a man who does nothing to earn the title of anarchist is a fit subject for suspicion."

"The New York press hailed Lincoln as a freak from the morasses of Illinois, and the Boston press said that a kangaroo had escaped from his keepers in the west."

"The pulpit no longer dares to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In all His beautiful, self-denying life He never had a dollar. In this respect he differs materially from Archbishop Ireland. This priest of Christ, who has had time enough to



accumulate \$1,000,000, has no real sympathy for the suffering poor."

SPARKS.

Mr. X., once chairman of the Republican committee! It is remarkable how such as he should ever reach the top of the ladder; but, come to think, light material usually rises to the surface.

An owl's nest—the Democratic headquarters. The inmates seemed to fear their own incapability and locked themselves in. The secretary appeared furious as a chained dog, ready to snap at every newcomer.

Bryan association—Colonel Lipps, small in stature, small in politics. Charley Salen, an indefatigable newspaper reader.

Poor results upon either side were the sequence of such leadership. It must be dirty work which is known as "practical politics," since our "best citizens" hold aloof from it.

Hustlers were plenty in this campaign, but not of the kind which create bread and butter. The drones were flying about.

SMALL FRY.

Redeeming features: That not everyone becomes crazed over politics.

That the entire nation regains its mental composure after election day.

That the lies of the partisan press find yearly fewer believers.

That political campaigns are becoming campaigns of education.

That the American school teachers are ladies.

That the so-called anarchists existed only in the imaginations of people who do not know the meaning of the word anarchy.

That we may still criticise the unjust findings of our courts of law.

That workingmen in general are satisfied with their condition since they repudiated the calamity howler on the other side.

That McKinley is the Napoleon of the comic papers only.

That our Public Square was not carried away as were some of the enthusiasts who listened to the speeches delivered thereon.

That Mark Hanna was not declared a labor-crusher by his employes, for they must know the facts in the case.

That the golden days are to come, now that election is over.



ROBERT E. M'KISSON.

Robert E. McKisson.

AS MAN, POLITICIAN AND MAYOR.

In one of the chairs upon the floor of our municipal council chamber, not many years since, there sat at each returning session a young man, beardless and rather pale in complexion. He was quick at repartee, vehement in argument (for he was fond of battle) and yet quiet and dignified in bearing. Ringlets of gold were formed by his hair upon an interesting head. As a councilman he was a thorn in the flesh of the existing city administration, as represented by John Farley.

"The boy," was the appellation habitually used by that municipal giant in referring to his young adversary. They represented a modern David and Goliath. At the battle for spoils in the spring of 1895 Farley and his friend Blee were slain by the hero of the younger Republican element, who shortly before, at the primaries, had also routed the Old Guard of his own party.

Thus Robert E. McKisson became mayor of Cleveland.

Behold the young man in the administrative chair. Accidentally, perhaps, or by misadventure and through inexperience, he had himself deposited in the resting place of the great sundry sharp pointed tacks, which were for a time ministers to his own discomfort. Biting his lips (figuratively and actually) he resolutely brushed them away, whereat was heard from among the politicians more or less loud "squealing" and distant grumbling.

A new era, however, dawned in our city affairs. Youth and vigor supplanted love of comfort and repose. When mistakes were made their consequences were less serious to the welfare of Cleveland than the stagnant calm under which municipal affairs had been rusting for a decade or more. The mayor surrounded

himself with men of fair ability, honesty of purpose and good standing in the community. If in one instance he made a mistake, he did not hesitate to correct it. The latter fact demonstrates his possession of a firm character, when all the circumstances under which the remedy was applied are taken into consideration.

As a man Robert E. McKisson is generally little known. Yet, a great part of the official is made up of the man. So far as one may judge from outward appearances the mayor is of a positive nature, relentless, active, quick-tempered and somewhat moody. His mind is of a practical turn, lacking in imagination. As a speaker, therefore, he is uninteresting, without power of modelling language into beautiful pictures or of expressing happy thoughts in an attractive manner. He often falters, repeats himself or becomes confused and fails to find the right word at the right time. He is never carried away by his subject, but rather treats it in a formal way—and very formal at that. He sticks to his “proposition,” which in turn sticks to him.

In polemical strife, however, he rises far above his habitual adversaries. His retorts are spontaneous, sharp as a dagger, frequently personal and nearly always to the point. They (his retorts) spare no feelings and invariable find the weak spot of the enemy. They are quick as the stroke of a viper, and almost as venomous whenever his antagonist forgets the respect due his position. Even Dan Reynolds, himself a valiant free-lance in debate, finds it prudent to couch his weapon before this master of verbal warfare.

Mr. McKisson is a man of plain habits. He likes, without yielding too much to the liking, pleasant company, but he is fond of teasing his friends in a good-natured manner. It has been said of him that he is heartless, and yet I know of instances in which he has proved a man of tender feeling toward the poor. He gives liberally, and it is established that the remuneration of his office hardly meets the demands upon his check book. His

exertions on behalf of the needy and unemployed are honest efforts, and it is the slanderer which decries them as movements for political effect. His action during the progress of the great Brown Company's strike has been complained of. But, if his attitude as a private citizen was favorable to the cause of workmen, as an official it was more so. Few know of his long and arduous struggle with that corporation, how he endeavored to induce its managers to yield to just demands, how he besought them to make peace with their employes. Not many know of his dejection for days after the failure of all his well meant efforts was assured. Yet he reaped the devil's thanks, sown by the very men on whose behalf he had labored long and faithfully. He never made a loud complaint against his judges, even those whose decision was dictated by passion and malevolence. And in spite of all, the poorest of men ever finds the door of the mayor's office open to him whenever he chooses to enter it. More than that, he finds ever a willing ear. If the demands of the poor are not always granted, it is less the fault of the mayor than that of the hour. And then, some of us have now and then a foolish wish.

THE POLITICIAN.

Mayor McKisson may be regarded as a politician of undoubted ability. His success in the field of statesmanship (the latter may be a limited one) within the brief period of two years is remarkable. Few novices in that oldest of sciences can hope for progress as speedy. He has the instinct and temperament of a politician, and it may safely be predicted that no defeat at the polls will find him—as his enemies like to express it—in the gutter. His wisdom in forming strong alliances comes to the surface now and then. By and through that faculty he has become a power. Determination, tenacity, love of supremacy, self-reliance, make him not subservient to others, and when he joins a general-in-chief it must be with the understanding that his

banner shall float near the standard of the army and be visible to all.

His early political errors were quickly corrected. He has become true to his friends, and is to be found to-day with a strong following. If not invariably truthful, it is rather an error of the head than of the heart. He may have held, in common with many others, that a politician must be cunning; and with it that other belief that to be "cunning" is synonymous with artifice and deceit. Time and experience have done much to convince him of the fallacy of first views on that subject (if he ever held them). A politician, having to deal with all sorts of men, must be crafty, but need not necessarily be dishonest. We need fair and honest politicians, men of strong will power, of good working capacity and capability.

One might love Mayor McKisson for the enemies he has made—for some of them, at least. From the first he has encountered the opposition of corrupt rings in the Republican party. His candidacy was distasteful to the old, easy-going element. None of that element have ever found it in their hearts to forgive him for his victory over their heads. Again, to-day, the cry for a business man's administration is raised. It is a fooling clamor. Business men, as a rule, have slight understanding of the multitudinous wants of a large community, and most of their number would be easy prey for ward politicians. The whole training of a business man lies in another direction, aims at rapid gains, and evinces little respect for the welfare of his fellowmen in the deeper meaning of the term, "personal freedom." The sphere of a city's government is wider than that circumscribed by financial questions. Beside, the history of business administrations in various cities proves that they are failures in nearly every instance. The civic virtues of the Spartans, the Greeks and the Romans of classical times have not been inherited by our money-making people. Great epochs may awaken within us a spirit of willingness to make sacrifices upon the public altar; ordinary times and

everyday life find us insensible to "heroic" means, indifferent and dull.

Our mayor's adversaries have carried their judgment of the man to extremes. The motive of his every act has been questioned by them. They have infected the unaware with their venomous belittlement of Robert E. McKisson. The greater an absurdity the more easily will it find adherents. Why, was there ever a man of whom no good could be said? Is the chief executive of our beautiful city the worst of men? Have we fallen so far that the majority of us saw fit to cast their ballots for a McKisson? Anon, sir! They be knaves who thus cater to our superficialities.

No partisan spirit, but a desire to do justice to a man whom we have honored with high office, dictates these lines. His virtues and faults shall be shown according to the knowledge and comprehension of the writer. A cry has been raised that he is the builder of a party "machine." It can not be denied that our mayor has succeeded in forming a strong organization. In this, too, he has evidenced his talents as a leader. And it may be claimed that the bitter attacks made upon him from the very first necessitated the formation of a strong defense. Under existing circumstances this became a matter of self-preservation, and as he is not one who would yield before an enemy he could not choose but smite his political adversaries. To-day he is master of the situation, the better, no doubt, for the citizens at large.

His partisans have the open sesame to political preferment, but they are probably as capable as the partisans of another man. His action in this regard may not differ materially from that of his predecessors, and it is a known fact that in some instances civil service rules have been adhered to by his order.

The followers of Mr. McKinley are full of admiration for Mark Hanna's strong party organization in the last presidential campaign. They seem to despise, however, in McKisson, that which they admired in Hanna. I fail to observe consistency

in their view. Mr. Hanna has performed that which no National chairman ever before attempted in perpetuating his "machine" after the close of the last great and most wonderful battle for Republican supremacy. No one has ever questioned the mayor's loyalty to his party. He fought for the successful candidate, notwithstanding the disdain which he was well aware the general-in-chief of the Republican forces nursed for himself.

Mr. Hanna belonged to the opposition from the beginning. The "youngster" was not of his henchmen, and had had the temerity to "carve for himself." The young men and the strong men were with him. Once mayor, the Hannaites sought to draw their coils about the new power, only to see them torn asunder. The old faction had found its match—the coming contest will be a sharp one.

In our degenerate days no man, whatever his personal merits, can hope to win political prominence without the aid of a strong organization. This is fact, not a matter of ethics. Political "machines," it must be admitted, are detrimental to the public good. In some form or other, they have always existed. They are as old as the oldest government in the world. Smash them, and they reset themselves; oust them, and they grow again. They may, in brief, be likened to the brothel, which no wager or war was ever yet sufficient to exterminate. Talk of political machines, like a Reverend Knight, who thought to cleanse our city of the social evil! You remember the result?

Were we, as citizens, to co-operate with our mayors enter into their plans, assist them when we honestly can, instead of acting the high-executioners, the critics at a foggy distance, then the influence of politicians would become less powerful, the machine less of a necessity. Thus all political sins come back upon the people under a republican form of government.

AS MAYOR.

Whatever the faults of Mayor McKisson, he is an honest man. Never the shadow of a suspicion has risen against him. Having learned to know him as a man and as a politician, we like him best as mayor of Cleveland. He is liberal-minded, if not broad-minded; industrious, if not ingenious. His distinctive faculties are common-sense, an enormous working-power and a great love for his work. His heart is in his duties. He glories or frets according to success achieved or defeat encountered. Not an easy master, he is exacting to a degree. He is more feared than loved at the City Hall. Still, the desire is in him to do right. He can not be looked upon as a spendthrift of the people's money, even though Councilman Black be convinced that some of the department expenses are high.

A little story will illustrate the situation in this connection: The health officer had purchased for himself, at public expense, a handsome office chair. When comfortably nestled therein a few days later, the mayor entered. The chair's elegance attracted his attention.

"A beautiful piece of furniture you have here," he remarked, bluntly.

"It is pretty," answered the doctor, blushing.

"Your own acquisition?"

"It belongs to the office."

The doctor's face was burning by this time.

"How much?"

"Thirty-four dollars."

"What?" exclaimed the mayor, indignantly. "Why, man, your mayor has an old, stiff-backed chair for comfort, and I trust that you will not be less modest."

The next day the doctor sat in an unassuming, yet tasteful chair, the price of which was \$9.00.

Mayor McKisson is very apt to cut down the traveling expenses of his officials. He scrutinizes their expense bills with the eye of a hawk. His knowledge of details of city affairs is little less than astonishing; his watch over men and their acts incessant. He has frequently been censured for meddling with the workings of the various departments.

"I am the responsible head of the city government, and I want to know what is going on," he answers you.

Hardly a day-laborer is engaged without his knowledge. He has an excellent memory for faces and names—a valuable faculty for a public man.

How and where he does his work is almost a mystery to the uninitiated. The most of his time seems to be employed in the reception of callers, who throng his office at almost every hour of the day. He is often compelled to hide away in the private office of the city attorney or the city engineer; his own private office affording no seclusion from intruders. His plans for great city improvements have been conceived in the silent hours of the night, or worked out during intermissions between flux and reflux at his office.

His seemingly reckless spirit of enterprise created a commotion among influential citizens, many of whom could see nothing but prospective increase of expense in his activity. It did not, apparently, occur to them to inquire whether a new system of sewerage, widening the river, a garbage plant and extension of the waterworks plant were not among the necessities of the large and rapidly growing city of Cleveland. Our people had been too long accustomed to dull inactivity in the City Hall. It is not to be wondered that the fresh breeze of energy, springing from that quietus, should have been at first unpleasant. Soon, however, the more thoughtful of the citizens began to comprehend the aims of the young mayor, who, for that matter, was engaged simply in carrying to fruition the promises made before his election and upon which he was chosen for the office.

This in itself is the strange feature of the situation—so little are we prepared, nowadays, to believe in pre-election utterances.

The realization of his plans was the cause of much up-hill work for the mayor. It required all his audacity and tenacity, his push and vigor, to master the immense task before him. Had he been less of a politician his exertions would have been unavailing. Not only the opposition of public prejudice, but the general assembly of Ohio was to be converted. In Columbus he contended with men of his own stamp; there he was obliged to do battle with private interests, to rout the hidden enemy from his own city upon his favorite battle ground. By capitulation to or even a truce with them, he might have facilitated matters, but he preferred to be a free champion, to win or fall single-handed. All through the last session of the general assembly he was actively engaged, night and day, in the city's interest. His power of endurance grew with the difficulties before him. He was artful or bold, as occasion demanded, but never lost sight of his purpose. His victory was complete, and if he has made enemies by his achievements, the future historians of the city of Cleveland will name him as one of her best citizens and mayors.

As would a good general he followed up his victories, carrying the fight into the council chamber, where he met frequent opposition. Already, however, actual work has begun upon some of the most important improvements. Ten years hence the city will have shed its habiliments of a conglomeration of villages.

Mayor McKisson's energy and enterprise have aroused Clevelanders generally to a more active participation in public affairs. Whether their efforts be opposed to his plans, or in support of them, they and the city will be improved through him. It proved after all not a bad thing that the citizens choose a young man as their chief executive.

The resulting increase in our bonded indebtedness should be cheerfully supported, for it must be admitted that each and everyone of the improvements under construction or in preparation is

not only of great utility, but is imperatively needed. Without exception they tend toward the betterment of the city's sanitary and commercial condition. As a result we shall have a healthier town and healthier homes for rich and poor alike. Increased health means increased happiness.

As a rule we incline to criticise a man of whom we know much by his small dealings, quite forgetting the great results following his actions. Thus the methods of Mayor McKisson are questioned by many citizens. But it must be borne in mind that he has to deal with a city council. Like a statesman with a parliament "upon his hands," he must enter into combinations, fight his way through as best he can, if he is to accomplish anything. He has never been charged with the employment of dishonorable means, even by the opposition newspapers. His predecessors were compelled to employ similar methods; his successors can not do otherwise. His strong personality brings him prominently before the public, causes him to be hated by some and admired by others. And after all, he is a man of the people. The very rich, the corporations such as railroad companies and others who seek to encroach upon public property, are among his enemies. They will oppose him at the polls.

Only one mayor, within the history of our city, has ever been honored with a re-election. The one exception to the general rule was Mr. Stephen Buhrer, mayor of Cleveland from 1867 to 1871. Will history repeat itself? Robert E. McKisson has the confidence of his success.

Not long since a group of councilmen, enemies to his candidacy, were engaged in discussing the coming campaign.

"Every time a new mayor is elected the city is out by \$200,000," said one of them, and not one of the gentlemen present cared to question the judiciousness of the remark.

It remains with the citizens to decide whether or not they find a change at the City Hall expedient.

Our City Administration.

A FEW REMARKS CONCERNING FACTS— NOT TALK.

The city administration stands or falls with the mayor. Much is said concerning the political methods of Mayor McKisson. It is conceded that he is an accomplished politician. Everyone says so. Now, if this be true, I take it that the same degree of wisdom which dictates his political movements will lead him to direct the affairs of the city in the best manner possible. He will seek to please the people, which he can only do by giving them a satisfactory administration.

During the two years of his official life he has accomplished more than was expected of him. If that be a fault, I will not seek to shield him from his enemies. If it be no reason for criticism, they must stand corrected, and hide themselves as slanderers, of dishonest purpose, and with no regard for the city's interests. The man is nothing to me. I receive no favors from him. I hold no office under him, but I am not a man-hunter.

It is within my knowledge that his appointments are made according to political merit; yet appointees are expected to do their duty and to be strictly honest in the discharge thereof. Incapability or dishonesty are eradicated, immediately upon discovery, by discharge of the incapable or dishonest employe. Under our system of government no more can be asked. We are yet far from an ideal administration in municipal affairs, and it is only natural that, among some hundreds of official employes, some men should be found who ought to be displaced. Such is the situation on every government, in every business house.

There are few men employed at the City Hall to-day who do not each day perform a full day's work for the city; many there

are who are overworked. It is "cheap talk" which asserts that nothing is done at the City Hall. It is the mouthing of men who are not acquainted with the working of the municipal machinery.

Let us take a look at the different departments :

The law department has, up to this time, won every one of the city cases taken into court. This fact ought, even in the eyes of his critics, excuse the presence of Minor G. Norton, as the head of the department. He, withal, is a man who has courage to stand by his convictions, as is proven by his stand upon the labor ordinance.

The department of public works, with its many branches, is well conducted, considering the means at its disposal. It is continually overwhelmed with work. Director Wright is a poor politician, but a good, honest business man. One may safely trust his word, as well as his ability. Councilman Black's investigating committee could find but a minimum of paltry shortcomings—a great and sincere compliment to the department. It placed the stamp of success upon the administration thereof, and no better proof can be desired than that which the enemy is compelled to furnish.

The glory of the City Hall clusters about the fire department. Having a man of integrity, ability and common-sense at its head, and being provided with experienced and brave chiefs, it can not fail to perform good work. The insurance companies acknowledge its efficiency by reducing their rates. Here, too, no better proof can be sought.

The department of police is always more or less exposed to censure. Captain Abbott wielded a vigorous broom in this Augean stable. His selection of a superintendent, which became necessary through the resignation of Chief Hoehn, was a wise one. The department to-day is well managed, and the disposition of its director to rid it of intemperate men and incapable men deserves approval. Civil service rules have been of late

recognized to a certain measure—another reason for congratulation.

Director Horace L. Rossiter and his department of accounts are not much heard of through the public prints. The reason for this lies in the nature of the business transacted in that department, which, so long as everything runs smoothly, is not productive of "news." The system of book-keeping in vogue is perfect, and totals of the city's finances may be extracted at an hour's notice.

And now for the department of charities and correction. If the mayor ever made a wise choice, it was in placing Mr. G. R. Warden at the head of it. Never before, in the department's history, has the workhouse yielded a surplus, at the end of the financial year, as it now does. More than that, the surplus is a large one, and Director Warden has demonstrated the fact that public institutions may be profitably conducted. The same business methods are applied to the administration of the Infirmary, of which no criticism has been heard during the last two years. This is significant in the light of the outcries against this institution under former administrations.

Judging the present city administration by its general results, and by the working of its various departments, we can but wish for its continuance. That improvements might be made in some of its details, neither the mayor nor his directors will deny. They know this better than any of us, and are striving to remedy existing evils. The great improvements under way should be carried on by the men who conceived and planned them, as any sensible man must admit. Partisan politics must be put aside if the coming two years are to yield the fruits of the past two years' labor.



Board of Control,

— OR —

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SQUARE TABLE.

On any Monday or Friday morning visitors at the City Hall will find the Board of Control in session.

Mayor McKisson will be found at the head of the table. He leans back in his chair, smoking, his half-shut eyes piercing the blue clouds of smoke with a forlorn look. He follows the proceedings instead of presiding over them, so long as the secretary of the board is engaged in working his way through a mountain of routine matter. The mayor has a very large ear, so that it is easy for him to be "all ears" when the business of the board requires his attention. The light which falls upon his face through the window back of him is like a sculptor at work, changing the expression of that face a dozen times in five minutes, and never completing a composite picture. Who and what is the man to whom this remarkable face belongs?

The same light falls mockingly upon the bald head of the lively mayor's secretary. Contrasting with the baldness of age or premature loss of hair, there lingers upon that shining pate a long black lock. By virtue of this lonely "heirloom" Mr Roberts holds fast to youth and youthfulness. He is a rapid writer, a still more rapid reader, and a good, all-around fellow—but he does not smoke. He ought therefore to be the clerk of the

School Council, the lady members of which do not, as I am told, indulge in the weed, either.

The air of the Board of Control chamber is sometimes blue as the field on which a sham battle has been fought. From out of the clouds thunders the voice of Director Norton. Whenever the good director becomes boisterous in his talk, rely upon it, he is at his wits' end. In vulgar parlance, he "shoots off his mouth" to protect with his vocal artillery the infantry of his brain.

The seat opposite to that of the legal gentleman is occupied by a quiet member—the director of public works. Director Wright is remarkable as a public officer in that he never dissembles. He tells neither tale nor story—indeed, it would be unkind to mention the word "lie" in the same breath with his name, even to assert his love of veracity. This gentleman is more than truthful—he is kind of heart, solicitous of the welfare of the city. Being of a quiet disposition he is not conspicuous and may be considered dull by those who know him from a distance only. Mr. Wright dresses very neatly; a flower is seldom missing from his button hole, and he likes carnations best—he, the incarnation of honesty, red, white and blue.

Next him is the director of fire, a blue-eyed, Teutonic gentleman of unique proportions—the length of his circumference being equal to that of his height. He is also quick of movement as he is of conception. More, he is clear-sighted as he is round, and as he is really a wise, round, portly gentleman, he may be considered a power in the smoky cabinet of the mayor. Mr. Hechler is a keen observer of human nature. It was but a few months after his incumbency began that he remarked one day: "You never know where you are at; the men of the department say 'white' if you say white, and 'black' if you say black. Moral courage does not exist about these quarters, but there is plenty of secret intrigue and stabbing in the back."

Another gentleman present, of rather stately proportions, is Director Warden, the kindly benefactor of the sick and poor and the terror of the lazy and indolent. He is the self-made man par excellence, quick and sharp in his business, a little headstrong, but good-natured withal. Another characteristic of his make-up is his friendship for young men, and many there be who believe that it is for this reason that he is a fast friend of the mayor.

"Good morning, Mac," is the portly director's greeting to the mayor.

"Good morning, George," the slender head of the Square Table answers, and both smile a friendly smile.

Next to the director of law will be noticed Captain Abbott, the director of police. It appears a little as though the mayor had placed his director of law under surveillance—a precaution not altogether amiss. The captain is an old United States government detective, and, therefore, close-mouthed as an oyster. You learn to know of him simply by what you see of him. He is a man of ruddy complexion, superfluous embonpoint, a good memory; he is fond of a good story and a good laugh. In writing, he pushes the pen over the paper with his left hand, and the paper disappears beneath a blotter as soon as he hears anyone enter his office. This habit he acquired during his long service to the government; the former he acquired with age. Both habits have become second nature with him.

The sphinx of the Square Table is Director and Auditor Rossiter. The expression of his face is sometimes as blank as that of the mysterious riddle of the desert sands. His thoughts are hidden behind a massive forehead, where also rest the ambition and will-power of the man. His is a mathematical brain, quick of perception. His courage is dauntless. He fears neither beast nor man—not even a reporter. Active and energetic, the future is his.

The sessions of the Board of Control resemble somewhat family gatherings at which the good qualities and shortcomings

of the various members may be observed. Here plans to ensnare the council are laid, measures which can not be passed are endorsed. Citizens who persist in doing business upon the sidewalks may here hear their doom ; corporations their damnation. Here, too, momentous questions affecting the city's advancement are discussed in public after having received careful private consideration in the mayor's office.

It is a great table, the Square Table of the Board of Control.



The City Council.

The severest criticism which can be passed upon our city legislature was made not long ago by one of its own members, who exclaimed :

"It is awful, the corruption which exists in the City Council."



His remark was not made in public, but in private conversation, and it has the imprint of truth. It came from the man's heart. The question was put to him direct, as to whether there are not at least a few honest men in the assembly.

"Very few," he answered.

Little, comparatively, of this corruption appears upon the surface, even if it in fact exists. It would appear, however, from the occasional undoing of a thing that seemed to be well done that conditions exist that indicate, like the spasmodic upheaval of a volcano, that there are hidden fires beneath.

Oratorical crackling is heard whereby the true meaning of the transaction at issue is lost sight of; the "mischief-maker" poses as a hero bound in duty to protect the interests of the people, and most of his colleagues fall into line. A "stupid" councilman who votes the wrong way excuses himself afterward on the plea he that "never caught on," or that he was talking with his neighbors when the malodorous thing was passed.

It is generally supposed that the great corporations are the corrupting factors, and that a number of councilmen are their creatures. At the present stage of the "game," (for government

by a council oftens appears to be nothing else) it certainly seems that the councilmanic opposition to the administration is hopelessly within the clutches of these corporations. The great monopolies frequently create councilmen, and upon the arrival in the field of one not subservient to their will, all their energies (heard you not the tinkle of gold?) are bent to his defeat at the polls. Of this fact a striking example was furnished by the defeat of John I. Nunn, who was politically "buried" on election day, and admittedly because of his fearless and worthy representation of the people's interests in Council.

As I have repeated herein, the unwiedly mass of voters themselves are blameworthy for existing evils. To get at the root of the trouble, we ought not to allow a man to announce his candidacy, but should make our own choice, selecting a citizen who, by his past, his known honesty and ability seems worthy of our confidence.

But I preach to the winds—a profitless task.

* * *

The Council constitutes a great debating club. Its deliberations are sometimes amusing—more frequently tiresome.

City Clerk Howard H. Burgess is an astute politician. His is not exactly an open character, but he is what people term "deep." His is not a "frosted" but a slippery hand.

The "fighting" councilmen are Dr. D. B. Steuer and Mr. Morris Black. Dr. Steuer has of late become more silent, while Mr. Black is improving his education by friction with the mayor. The enthusiasm of his youth is fast wearing off, and his vision grows clearer. In another six months he, too, will be seldom heard.

Walter I. Thompson understands the business of taking care of himself well and successfully.

The Billman brothers are nice boys, but rather like lanterns without candles.

H. M. Case speaks of things by their proper names—a spade is to him a spade—and he does it notwithstanding it sounds rather like a damnation thereof.

C. L. Dailey is a perfect gentleman, with a faculty for lulling his neighbors to peaceful slumber. His speeches are restful as Indian melody.

Chevalier William Prescott—this title fits the man.

The next president of the council will be C. A. Witzel. Chase knows a thing or two, and deserves the honor.

Arouse him, and he displays a fine sarcasm; under ordinary circumstances he seems a bit dull—C. W. Toland.

A Democratic triangle—McKenney, Barrett and Riley. "Pat" is liked better than the questions he sometimes likes to inject into the debate; Barrett is a man of weight, and Riley a silent consumer of cigars, and his neighbor is Dryden.

An estimable man—C. Frese. He is also the only member who pays due attention to the proceedings. Mr. Riley is dumb as an oyster, but Mr. Frese shames the silence of the grave. Would some of the "talky" members were more like him.

I like Captain C. E. Benham because he talks little and to the point, and works much, accomplishing a good deal.

D. H. Lucas, when he "goes in" for a thing, knows thoroughly what he is about.

W. H. Stinchcomb—ought he to enjoy the honor of mention here?

The herald of the administration is I. T. Drewett.

F. A. Emerson—the president.

J. F. Palmer—he knows what to say, but not always when to remain silent.

Last, but not least—Dan F. Reynolds, Jr. Dan enjoys the faculty of speech and of distinct enunciation. He is the great gun of the council—its Thundering Jupiter. Even his too frequent utterances fail to become monotonous. His "grand stand" display, to use a favorite councilmanic expression, is

sometimes superb but in instances insincere. At such times he is most eloquent.

Since the above was written a new disgrace has clouded the council chamber. That unfortunate garbage commission, with its secret meetings, etc., has illustrated anew the Shakespearian meaning in the prince's utterance. There is something rotten in the State of Denmark.

Turn on the light! Let us know whether guilt exists and where! Let the sledge-hammered public opinion fall upon the faithless, hot from the fire of investigation, and reshape our municipal destinies! Drive the money-changers from the urban temple lest our affairs become as foul as those of Chicago—we can not stand the drain. Honest and public-spirited citizens should act as a board of revision and hold firmly in check those who have opportunities of robbing the people. If guilt exists let action be brought against the wrong-doers in the courts that they may be forever disgraced. With all its faults the press has done nobly in this matter. Let me for once sing its praises for it has exposed the schemers and their schemes.

Watch your councilmen even as the great moneyed institutions watch their trusted employees. Learn how they spend their evenings and you will soon know who attends little private dinners and drinks champagne for which they do not pay. It is in fair scenes like this wherein corruption, like the serpent in Eden performs its destructive work. I blush to suggest this process but surveillance seems to have become a necessity. A Dave Rankin, a Peter Witt, a Robert Bandlow or two—cranks if you will—are yet a blessing to the community for such alone find words in which to publicly denounce the bad practices which are manifested in the membership of our council.

But fiat justitia! Let us not forget that there yet be honest men in our city legislature. 'Twould be altogether sad could not one word for redemption be said.

WHAT FOR?

The Honorable Dan Reynolds, who is best known for his fiery display of oratory at city council sessions, has lately delivered himself of a great speech favoring all sorts of public improvements as a means to the attraction of capital to our beautiful city.

I greatly enjoyed his arguments, not so much on account of their novelty (I had heard them before), as on account of the light which a sage old philosopher cast upon it in the way of quiet comment.

Said Dan: "Let us all take off our coats and work for the aggrandizement of our city."

"What for?" queried the old man.

"We must encourage our large industries."

"What for?"

"It is our duty to facilitate commerce in this region."

"What for?"

"Every citizen of this town must be willing to reach into his pocket for the development of Cleveland."

"What for?"

"We must become the largest city in the State in every respect."

"What for?"

The queer old man aroused my curiosity to such a degree that, after the adjournment of the session at which the speech was made, I asked him to explain his views on Reynolds' subject.

"What for?" he asked once more.

"What for? Why, do you not know that the more business we get into the city, the more work there will be for the unemployed, the hungry, the starving? The larger the city, the more numerous the opportunities offered to her citizens?"

"Now, my foolish young friend," said the old gentleman; "you think that you have uttered a profound thought. Let us

look a little more closely to Mr. Reynolds' remarks. Large cities are a curse to mankind. In them brotherly feeling between man and man is killed; in them we become strangers to each other; there, almost one-half the inhabitants live upon the remainder without the performance of any productive work. Every office building erected is a stronghold of an army of vampires and parasites, who suck the life-blood of the real working-man.

"The large industries in a city create a few rich men and an army of slaves, who become rebels in times of industrial trouble. They create women who lose taste for home-life and motherhood. They fill the air with impurities and poison the streams. And, shall I reach into my pocket to foster private enterprise? to create 'robber barons' who combine among themselves to rob us of the few dollars we may possess?

"The largest city of the State—do you know what that implies? The greatest misery in the State; the most diabolic vice, the most abject poverty, the vilest slavery, the worst habitations, the most heartless employers, the most unscrupulous lawyers, the most damnable politicians. It means poor air, poor light, adulterated food, pale children, sickly men and women. Greater Cleveland is a monstrosity. Our city is large enough, wicked enough, busy enough, beautiful enough."

"But you can not check its growth," I observed as the old man paused.

"No," he replied, smilingly; "neither do I wish to. The road to hell is downward, and we are like the avalanche on its way down a snowy mountain."

He was a queer old man who spoke thus.



The Spring Election.

BY A NON-PARTISAN OBSERVER.



POLITICAL promises are again in bloom. Municipal platforms are in course of construction before our eyes, springing up like the "flowers that bloom in the spring." Shortly these platforms will crumble to dust. They are short-lived, unreal—in short, not much more than stepping stones for the candidate seeking to climb into the "band wagon." As philosophical studies they are interesting, as they show the opinions of their authors as to the best means of gaining public favor. As declarations of principles they long since became the laughing stock of the initiated. These utterances of office-seekers and politicians seeking "spoils" constitute the "boiled down" hypocrisy of our days. At their best, they are empty phrases catering to the drift of public opinion. They are traps to catch votes in. No one believes in their sincerity, least of all those who beget them, unless they be fanatics, socialists or "plain citizens."

At every election the cry of "reform" is raised. Civil service rules are lauded, while we oust from office the men charged with their enforcement. The great, inert mass of voters is led by the politician who "howls" the loudest or by the partisan press which excels in absurdities. Another repetition of the spectacle is near at hand, and before it we shall not be the wiser for our experience in the past. We are never inclined to leave well enough alone, but must cry for something not as good—great, dissatisfied children that we are. But we must deal with these platforms as they are given us.

On the Democratic side far reaching reforms are promised—reforms that run ahead of the times, even if they be steps in the right direction. The municipal platform of the Bryan Association protests against corporations seeking to control public functions and tempting public officials with bribes. Who of the public men of the Republican party does not likewise? Can it appear more than an empty phrase for them to repeat, in the words of that platform—“and we demand that as speedily as possible, under the law, and with full recognition of every just interest, the city government of Cleveland resume all its legitimate functions?” Does not the present city government war unceasingly against corporate greed? Is there not an honest difference of opinion as to the scope of these legitimate functions?

The demands of the Bryan Association are quoted in full :

1. No extension of city franchises to be granted. All appliances occupying streets to be constructed, owned and operated by the city. The present street railways to become city property at the expiration of their franchises and as much sooner as the laws can be passed enabling the city to take possession of them.
2. The submission to a vote of the people at the next regular election of the question : “Shall the city acquire and operate its lighting plants, gas and electric?” And, if it be carried in the affirmative, immediate steps to be taken to appropriate existing lighting plants for public use or to build new ones as may seem best.
3. City contracts to be limited to the purchase of materials. Labor upon public works of whatever character to be employed directly by the city.
4. Admission to the public service to be by free competition open on equal terms to all citizens, irrespective of party affiliations.

Many good citizens object to the ownership of the street railways by the city, although fewer are averse to the consummation of the rest of these requirements. A better system of taxation is

probably of greater importance at the present time than either of the measures above proposed. Our financial condition would scarcely warrant the appropriations suggested, be they ever so much desirable.

One of the foremost of our public-spirited citizens, Mr. John Farley, recommends the strictest economy in city affairs. His mind is of the conservative order, but nevertheless broad and better adapted to grasping a situation in its entirety than the minds of many others of our public men. The low rate of taxation heretofore prevailing is, according to his view, the fundamental reason of the rapid growth and general prosperity of our city. He is opposed to the growth of artificial improvements; and illustrates his meaning by comparing the public debt of Cleveland with that of Cincinnati, which is not quite sixteen million dollars greater than ours. As a purely manufacturing town, he says, low taxation is essential to our prosperity. The suburban railroads will create new conditions which must be met, for the manufacturers are apt to remove their plants beyond the city limits to where taxes are low.

He laughs at the fifty-year franchise contention, and says that he never yet has heard of a man who favors the extension—not even a councilman. His enemies in his own camp (not tent) describe him as a friend of the street railroad monopolies, which, they claim, had an interest in the make-up of the Blee cabinet. At this writing it is claimed that he will be the nominee of the Democratic party for mayor—and yet he can hardly be considered as the man of the hour, which demands a more progressive mind than he possesses.

Fully in sympathy with the platform of the Bryan Association and an avowed candidate for mayor is Mr. John I. Nunn. His record as a councilman is clean. He is a man of energy, industrious, well-meaning, capable. The street railroad companies are his uncompromising enemies, giving him no quarter. The single fact that they are counted as factors in dealing with

city affairs is proof in itself that these monsters are omnipresent and all-devouring. It is said among Republican politicians that Nunn and Farley have entered into a compact, but the reader may judge for himself as to the possible truthfulness of such a statement, having observed the wide difference of opinion between the two men on public matters.

The newspapers have announced still another candidate for the mayoralty. He is Mr. J. D. Bremer, an insurance agent with offices in the Arcade. His name has never been prominently before the public, but it must be presumed that he enjoys the same right to announce his candidacy for mayor as any other respectable citizen.

Then there is Mr. E. R. Edson, member of a fishmonger's firm, who aspires to mount upon the Bryan platform to the honors of the chief magistracy of Cleveland.

Ex-Sheriff W. R. Ryan must also be mentioned, although he seems not very active in forwarding his candidacy. He stands ready, however, to answer the call of the people. His party regards him as a man of weight, and he is believed by many to be a shrewd politician. Whole-souled, one might describe him as being, but it is questionable whether the qualities, which go to the making of a good sheriff, are the same as those required in the municipal chair.

A NEW FLOWER.

An off-spring of the present campaign is the Municipal Association. Within a certain sphere, highly respected citizens are at the association's helm, and yet its motives were from the first regarded as selfish and lacking in sincerity. It was assumed that within it the friends of street railroad monopoly and the enemies of the present mayor combined to defeat the latter and assist the former in their efforts to obtain fifty-year franchises, through a new and willing city council. These charges, or assumptions if you will, were of course vigorously combatted, and the announcement was made that the association's aims were to expose bad

methods in administration, and to make public the records of the different candidates for city offices.

So far as the members are honest in these purposes, no objection can be raised. But is the association, as a body, honest? A close observer must notice that someone, or some body of men, is furnishing funds for the maintenance of the establishment in the Arcade, to provide a salary for the secretary and another for his assistant. The dues being but one dollar per year, at least 3,000 members are required to meet expenses—and this number is yet far from the reach of the association. Then, the association's expenses for stationery and printing are high, much of both being required. Citizens who open their purses for the benefit of the city voluntarily are scarce as those sought by Diogenes with his lantern. It is therefore only natural that the object of the formation of this association should be looked for with some curiosity.

A clue is found in the utterances of a few of its charter members. At the initial meetings of the association Mayor McKisson was bitterly denounced, his methods attacked, his honor questioned. A few meetings were followed by silence, this led to the popular surmise that the association existed for the purposes described in the first paragraph herein. The association has certainly made a mistake in its free denunciation, and, notwithstanding whatever it may in the future attempt, it can never obliterate the first impression made by it upon the minds of citizens at large. Another reason for suspicion is the circumstance that the movement was inaugurated by a cotery of friends of M. A. Hanna. From this it was observed that the creation of the association sprang not from a general desire to place a watch upon political affairs. Nothing, of course, could be more desirable than such a citizens' court of justice, were justice dealt by it impartially and vigorously. This (who can gainsay it?) must be beyond the power and against the wish of men whose partiality is to be considered from the start as an assured fact. A large number of

reputable citizens joined the movement at the time of organization, among them the labor leaders, who were present at the meetings and shook hands with their "natural foes," the rich, prompted by the laudable desire to elevate local politics from the mire into which they have been sinking for years past until they are so deep that extrication grows daily more doubtful.

Another society which has become prominent in the present campaign is the Mohawk Club. The name is appropriate, and its members wield the club and tomahawk vigorously. Its friends, thus far, seem to be disappointed politicians, the thrown champions of the "spoils" system, a few honest men in bad company, the wire-pullers and the worn out office-seekers of the Republican party. While the Democratic associations have at least the courage of their convictions and are engaged in putting forth the principles of far-reaching doctrine, these clubmen rally around a candidate who is shy of uttering his views upon municipal matters and withholds them for future commitment to writing. It is therefore impossible, at this writing, to make known to the citizens of Cleveland the name and location of the pedestal from which Mr. David Morison is likely to fall. Presumably, he is a "nice" man and an honest one, but certainly not a strong man. His nearest political surroundings are bad, although his past record is without a flaw. It can not be denied that he has done good service as councilman, State senator and director of charities under Mayor Rose.

It must be remembered that the pressure brought to bear upon a newly-elected mayor, by those who have been instrumental in securing his election, is something terrific. The simple fact that Mr. Morison refrained from giving the newspapers his views upon municipal matters, when asked, led naturally to the conclusion that his platform would be constructed after consultation with those elements, and that they would claim the patronage which he might have had to bestow.

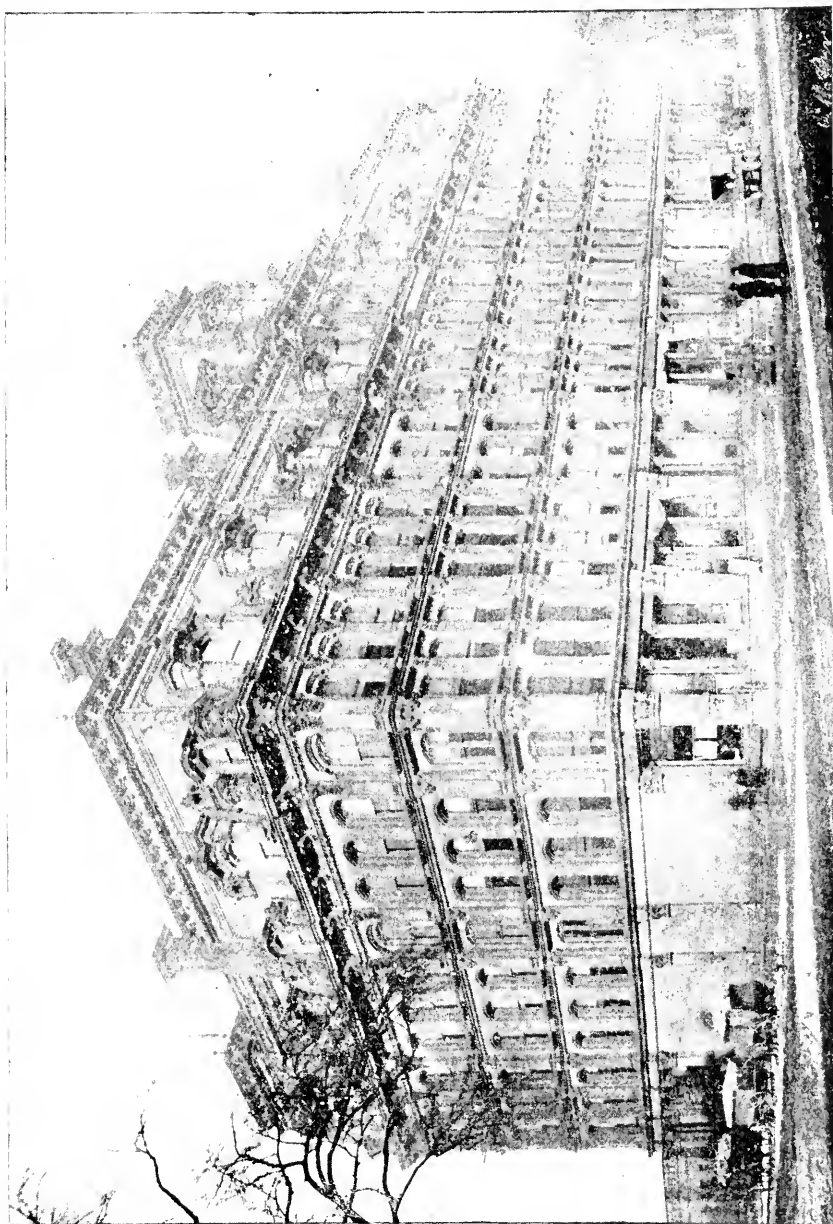
Old time politics are out of style nowadays, when men have at length learned to fight openly and fearlessly for their political and social convictions. Has Mr. Morison learned nothing from the view through his office window, which looked out upon the Square all through the fall campaign?

Mr. Morison is comparatively a young man, and is good looking, withal. His features are regular, but there is an imprint of energy in the well-rounded lines of his chin. He bears a general resemblance to Senator Hill, and no doubt possesses something of the craftiness of that noted politician.

The announcement of Mr. Morison's candidacy created little stir. It appeared as if well known politicians of long standing were no longer wanted. The old methods have been discarded, and can no longer be resorted to. "New blood" is apparently more favored.

Mr. Morison was the candidate of the "working" Republicans of the old school. They united upon him when in council assembled. A standard bearer was needed—only one, for the forces must be held well together. He was announced as the candidate of the workingmen, and the passage of his bill for the inspection of boilers was emphasized in that connection. That such a bill should be passed was natural. It was a good measure, and the law was much needed. Let not his merits be curtailed; at best, can it be said that they signify his fitness for the office he seeks? Under his administration, as under others, spoil hunters would be wide-awake, eager for the morsels in sight. Would a "machine" built by him be less irksome than the existing one? Would it please the working men?

I was never able to take "au serieux" the candidacy of Dan Reynolds, Jr., for the office of mayor. Somehow or other his announcement failed to impress me as genuine. There was a laxity of action in regard to it that was contrary to that energetic councilman's nature. I was not surprised, therefore, to hear the opinion expressed that "Dan" was at heart in sympathy with



the administration of Mayor McKisson, whose activity would naturally be pleasing to his own disposition. True, Mr. Reynolds has said bitter things concerning the mayor, but, it is claimed, he had never forgiven himself for not coming forward as a candidate two years ago. There may therefore have been an element of jealousy in his antagonism to the mayor which may be easily understood. Councilman Reynolds is a man of ability. He is also a gifted and forcible talker—orator, I might say. His views upon municipal affairs are of the conservative order. If he is in sympathy with the workingmen, he is none the less inclined to give the street railroad companies their dues. Under existing circumstances this is no more than just. He is in favor of public improvements, but insists that the socialistic proposition that direct ownership by the city of semi-public institutions is, in view of financial conditions, beyond our reach. Though well known and well liked, it is remarkable that he has never succeeded in establishing a “following.” His leadership hardly extends beyond the council, and even there he sometimes seems to stand abandoned, like the lonely northern pine, dark, weary and strong.

A candidate of some consequence was Dr. F. W. Waltz, for, though seldom successful in politics, he enjoys a strong support from the west side of the river. The doctor's friends are numerous and active. He is liked for his outspoken and aggressive habits. His views upon men and things are broad and liberal, and that he understands the spirit of the times may be observed in his published manifesto. He, like John I. Nunn, is of German parentage, and like Nunn, possesses the honesty of purpose which distinguishes that nationality. His promise not to run for a second term, if elected this time, demonstrated that he has inherited some of the German idealistic character.

Little need be said of Mayor McKisson. He and his record stand out in bold relief. He was judged by his record, and his greatest danger lay in his being misjudged by voters who have only a superficial knowledge of municipal affairs, and some

of whom may have been misled by the promulgators of the foolish "cold lead " war cry. Such a designation would have been ingenious, could it truthfully and fittingly be applied to the mayor's action during the lamented Brown strike. As chief magistrate of the city the mayor was reluctant to take severe measures to restore order in the city. From day to day he hoped that the problem might have a peaceful solution, while he labored faithfully to arrive at an understanding with the men who had power to bridge the difficulties. In the meantime the strikers attacked the "scabs" or non-union workingmen—chiefly poor devils who, like themselves, were dependent for a livelihood upon their daily labors. No justification has yet been discovered for the action of a man who seeks to forcibly prevent another from seeking work merely because a state of war exists between an employer and his men. I favor labor unions because they form a bulwark against the encroachments of ever greedy capital. Without this bar, the dignity of workingmen would sink deeper beneath the heel of oppression than now. But in open warfare, it must be remembered that brute force fights against brute force. The question of right or wrong no longer enters into the contest. At this point the authorities of law are in duty bound to step in and restore order in the shortest possible time. This was not done, and yet Mayor McKisson was bitterly attacked by the very men toward whom he showed the utmost of patience and consideration. He had no love for the other side, for they had none for him.

To an unbiased mind it must seem that the mayor was unjustly criticised in the matter. He could neither remain idle nor indifferent, nor could he install the strikers as guardians of the peace, they being interested in the dispute. I might have rejoiced, in the wickedness of my heart, at the destruction of that factory, but I could not but deplore the excesses between workmen and workmen. The non-union men were on the defensive; their lives were in jeopardy. Who could blame them for arming themselves?

Keen-sighted workingmen have long since learned that the period of strikes has outlived itself; that the betterment of the poor man's condition lies in the education of the masses. In this connection I wish to say that knowledge is being rapidly disseminated among the people. The dawn of a better day is already visible.

I venture to prophesy that the very men who were loudest in their denunciation of Mayor McKisson will, if ever given a chance, act in the same way as did he. It is one thing to harangue the people from the speaker's stand on the square as a free American citizen, and quite another to please everyone in the municipal chair in the City Hall.

OTHER CANDIDATES.

A most honorable man, careful in his business methods and always awake to the interests of the people, is City Treasurer Charles W. Chase. As a gentleman he does not covet publicity, wherefore little is known of him by citizens in general. He is well liked at the City Hall. Not long ago a quiet little act of his, showing the man in a very favorable light, leaked out. The city treasurer is habitually made the custodian of unemployed moneys belonging to the various pension funds. Former treasurers have never bothered about depositing such funds, or, if they did so, they were never returned with interest. In this case, however, Mr. Chase paid into that pension fund the neat extra sum of \$800. An act unprecedented in the city treasury. Opposition to him in his own camp was made by Mr. A. J. Esch, formerly supervisor of the German department of our public schools, but who was defeated at the primaries.

In contrast to the treasurer's department stands the Police Court, whose judge and prosecutor are always more or less exposed to public criticism. Both officials have much business with police officers, a body of men composed of Democrats and Republicans of various shades and inclined to be fault-finding.

Then there is the dear public itself, a conglomeration of all sorts of "isms." Common-sense and a honest wish to be just are the main requirements of the two positions referred to. No amount of legal learning could compensate for a lack of one or both these qualities.

Judge William F. Fiedler has advanced in public estimation since the people have become acquainted with his methods of dealing with culprits. His idea of justice is not rigid and merciless, not bound by the letter of the law, but it is humane and follows the spirit of the law, as judicial ideas should do. A failure upon the police bench is a narrow-minded judge. The people of Cleveland will call Judge Fiedler once more to the bench, for it can not be presumed that the Democratic party will nominate to-day as a candidate for police judge a better man than two years ago. Neither could it nominate a better man for prosecutor than Thomas M. Kennedy, who is a brilliant lawyer, a wit, and a gentleman who, if less dignified than the judge, is a whole-souled and good-hearted fellow. Between judge and prosecutor the culprit is never in an enviable position, take it as you will. Thus far, no opposition to these two officials exists within the Republican party. Their Democratic opponents have not yet announced themselves.

* * *

Since the foregoing reflections were written the primary election of the Republican party has been held. Mr. Morrison's defeat by Mayor McKisson was a signal one and was in keeping with the view of the writer upon the attitude of the people concerning the candidacy of the favorite of the old machine politicians. There is no candidate upon the Democratic side who ought, at this time to be preferred to the present mayor. I trust to the business sense of our citizens, and am therefore safe in predicting the re-election of a man as progressive as Mayor McKisson without rendering myself liable to a suspicion of partizanship. I deal with facts, not sentiments.

The Republican ticket stands as follows :

For Mayor,

ROBERT E. MCKISSON.

For City Treasurer,

CHARLES W. CHASE.

For Police Judge,

WILLIAM F. FIEDLER.

For Police Prosecutor,

THOMAS M. KENNEDY.

For Police Court Clerk,

A. B. HONECKER.

For Members of the School Council,

THOMAS BOUTALL.

MARTIN HOUSE.

FRED C. ELMER.

F. A. KENDALL.

For Members of the City Council,

First District—D. B. STEUER.

Second District—ROBERT BAILEY.

Third District—H. M. CASE.

Fourth District—GEORGE H. BILLMAN.

Fifth District—C. A. WITZEL.

Sixth District—C. W. TOLAND.

Seventh District—W. R. HOPKINS.

Eighth District—I. H. A. JONES.

Ninth District—DAVID H. LUCAS.

Tenth District—W. H. LUCAS.

Eleventh District—F. F. KLINGMAN.

Constables,

W. H. HUDSON.

GEORGE SCHAUFFELE.

TRUMAN C. PECK.

G. F. RIDGEWAY.

GEORGE W. JONES.

WILL S. WHITE.

FRED R. BELL.

A remarkable contest was made in opposition to the candidacy of A. B. Honecker by Julius Blasis. The voters, however, following civil service rules, preferred the candidacy of Mr. Honecker, whose long experience in Police Court matters would appear an unanswerable argument in his favor. Mr. Honecker is, beside, a pleasant and agreeable gentleman.

Much interest was deservedly taken in the contest for membership in the School Council. Mrs. Avery was defeated by Mr. F. A. Kendall, a political gentleman of the East End. It is to be regretted in this connection that Mr. Walter Jacobi went under at the same time, as he is a man eminently fitted by training and experience for a seat in the educational board. He deserved a nomination, and it is to be hoped that he will again come before the Republican voters as a candidate for that position. Messrs. House and Boutall are men of experience in school matters who should and will be re-elected. Their earnest desire to simplify the present cumbersome course of study, among other things, has brought upon them the wrath of Director Sargent, whose secretary is said to have labored for their defeat at the primaries. The director himself innocently washes his hands of this transaction, like a Pontius Pilate. Mr. Fred C. Elmer is also experienced in school affairs, he having formerly served on the board. His candidacy will receive the support of many good citizens.

All the candidates for membership in the City Council have pledged themselves in letters addressed to the newspapers to oppose the fifty year franchise "grab," and to advocate municipal ownership of street railroads and lighting plants under a proper civil service system. They have expressed themselves as favoring progress according to the best wisdom of the present times on municipal matters. As was remarked in the introduction to this article the Republican candidates, so far as municipal matters are concerned, stand upon practically the same platform as their Democratic brethren.

Of a piece with the straggling mob which slouched through our streets during the closing days of the Fall campaign of 1896, and which was known as a procession of Bryan supporters, was the proceeding which has now resulted in the choice of John Farley as the Democratic nominee for mayor of Cleveland. On both occasions the city was disgraced, as it was never disgraced before, by the drunkenness, carelessness, noisiness and quarrels of the participants.

The night of Thursday, March 11, had been fixed upon as the date of the Democratic primary election. The most favorable reports printed concerning the scenes of debauchery, both of person and of the law, which that night witnessed, would be enough to condemn the existing partisan system. I refrain from particularizing. The subject is a painful one, to say the least.

John Farley, who gave moral support to the "Gold Democrats" in the last election, and who is rated as a supporter of Brice with all that term implies, yet, who is said to have contributed liberally to the regular Democratic (Bryan) campaign fund, was an easy winner in the convention held two days after the primaries. The opposition might easily have won, but, being divided among a half dozen candidates, it lost much support which would have been thrown to a single opponent to Farley. As it was, the half dozen opposition candidates divided nearly enough votes to beat the "Boss," and but one cut a presentable figure in the contest.

The nominations made were of the typical character of Democratic candidates in late years. The nominees, as a rule, are of the class of perennial candidates. Comparison of the Democratic list with that of the Republican candidates given above, will be a sufficient guide to voters who seek to be informed upon the worthiness of those for whom they vote.



County Court House.



THE old, gray structure, often remodeled, enlarged and rehabilitated, which stands at the northwest corner of the Square, and its companion piece of architecture next west of it, representing the governmental trinity—city, county and State—are fast becoming historical in interest. Practically, if not legally, the county has no existence separate from the State of which it is merely a geographical division. The county court house, therefore, contains the State's effective machinery for this division.

I have often contemplated with a degree of apprehension, the really vital aspect of the courts' functions. When all is said, it must finally be admitted that the success or failure of representative government rests in the hands of the magistrates. Legislature, executive, the military force which is the effective arm of the executive, individuals and corporations—all are controllable by the judiciary—the movement of each and every one of them may be stayed or sometimes coerced by the courts. Their power is next to absolute—if exercised with wisdom and discretion they will prove a solid rock foundation for our institutions; otherwise, our destruction.

Thus far we are fortunate. In fairness, wisdom and honor our common pleas and circuit courts have occupied a plane a step higher than our neighbors. Hamilton's decisions are valued scarcely less than those of the supreme tribunal. Noble's clear cut discrimination, sensitive regard for moral right, and conservative habit have more than local recognition. Lamson—a trifle indolent, perhaps, but of vigorous mentality when aroused; Stone, with unlimited power for work and conscientious to a fault; Neff, fast winning his way to the front rank of judges;

Dellenbaugh, standing in the clear light of a perfect judicial reputation, and re-elected upon its strength; Ong, Logue and Disette as yet scarcely tried, but universally respected—plain citizens certainly are safe in leaving their liberties in such hands. Our circuit court is rarely reversed—and when it is, depend upon it the supreme court is wrong—which is as much as a non-professional observer can safely venture to say in regard to Judges Caldwell, Marvin and Hale, who deal chiefly in dry, legal propositions which I, for one, cannot follow without a guide.

Fiat justitia! They are honorable men above stairs in the old court house. I often wonder whether they know of all that is going on below.

Then over in the “new” court house, within that monument to architectural pride and administrative incapacity which of late is in process of remodeling, preparatory, if the signs indicate anything, to demolition and rebuilding—there will be found our probate court and insolvency court. An immense amount of work was formerly performed by our probate judge under the fee system, and occasionally complaint was made that his duties were too arduous. Attorneys complained over delays and loss of time. Citizens objected to being kept waiting. Judge White struggled under a load of official duty which, report has it, was profitable if difficult. To meet the situation the judge was given a certain salary and deprived of fees and the insolvency court was established. The change is as yet in an experimental state. As insolvency judge merely Judge Bloch will scarcely have a fair opportunity to earn the \$2,000 salary allowed him by the legislature. The probate judge may provide him with employment by referring probate court cases to him, and so long as the two work harmoniously the public may gain by the move. But it would appear to an unprejudiced observer that a division of labor of this kind must be a difficult matter to arrange to mutual satisfaction of the laborers. However, it will hardly be worth my while to prophesy the future.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The governmental trinity is aptly represented upon the board of County Commissioners. Captain E. J. Kennedy, as an ex-member of the general assembly, a former member of the board of pardons and of long experience in the affairs of state generally, may be considered as the representative of the commonwealth of Ohio. Farmer George Bennett, who brought into the court house the undoubtable scent of new mown hay upon his election to office, represents the country constituent. Dave Brown, a Clevelander with all that term implies, a politician by nature, a gentleman endowed with the ideal urban uncertainty as to whether to progress or retrogress, a good liver and thoroughly "citified," represents the municipality.

Three men control the county's purse. Stories are told of favoritism, evasion of the people's safeguards, unwise expenditure of funds and the like, from time to time. The clues found by the newspapers are followed to the end, then dropped. The voting populace forgets them, or, having no positive information of the truth of charges, neglects them. The County Commissioners work in a labyrinth, so far as the general public is concerned, and their wisdom is more often questioned than their honesty. Between them and the city there is no quarrel. The city contains ninety-ninths of the voting population of the county, and the County Commissioners as a rule perform the city's bidding. They are not legislators, but purely business agents. They draw their salaries regularly, keep their political "fences" in neat repair, do nothing which they are not in one way or another compelled to do and attract little attention from the public.

The County Treasurer's office has been credited for some time with undue interest in city affairs. Treasurer Hubbard is politically associated with one of the coteries of old-time politicians who were known in its heyday as the "court house ring." This partnership was known to have been formed for the purpose

of perpetuating in office certain men, who, without regard for their fitness for office, were considered able "wire-pullers." They formed an offensive and defensive alliance for the protection of their mutual interests, and those of certain outsiders who, if not regaled with the spoils of office, seemed none the less attached to the "ring." No one supposed them to be entirely disinterested, and the danger to the public generally of such an alliance tended somewhat to weaken the members before the voters. An attempt was made early in the present city administration, to extend the powers of this alliance from the Court House to the City Hall. The attempt failed. After the "ring" had secured the appointment of one of its adherents to a city cabinet position, the mayor's eyes were opened. The removal of the cabinet member followed, and war upon the administration was declared by the "ring."

Our faith in our form of government is weakened, sometimes, by the discovery of intrigues of this nature. Fortunately, we are no worse than our neighbors. The difference lies in the fact that while, in time, intrigues against the public are discovered and advertised in America, worse alliances, more oppressive in their tendency, are successfully kept from public view in the old world.



X—R a y s

TURNED UPON OUR PUBLIC MEN AND WELL KNOWN CITIZENS.



MARK HANNA enjoys a good dinner, a good joke and a good play. If he digests well and sleeps well he must be a happy mortal. The thorn in his flesh, however, is implanted by his fondness for politics. Thus it is that no man can enjoy life perfectly.

* * *

Myron T. Herrick somewhat resembles an Indian in feature and stature. His lean and wiry figure is the picture of health and activity. He is a courteous and pleasant gentleman. More valuable still is his reputation as an honest man and a true man—true as an Indian with whom one has once smoked the calumet of peace.

* * *

Colonel Brinsmade's travels in the old world have brought to him a reputation as a pleasant and agreeable letter writer. They have also cured him of some of his Yankee prejudices—a fact which he has not, however, publicly acknowledged. It would not have been fashionable.

* * *

"The peach" of Cleveland enjoys rightfully the honor of being a gifted and mighty orator. That there are few designs in his mental make-up becomes apparent as soon as he broaches politics. His spread-eagle talk comes not from the lofty height of a great mind, but rather resembles the croak of a raven in a tree.

Probate Judge White is a true benefactor of the poor, for he has a heart of gold and a liberal hand. That heart never feels a pang when the hand is led by it to alleviate the suffering of a poor widow or feeble old man. As a judge his long experience has made him a man of much wisdom.

* * *

John D. Rockefeller is rich not only in property but also as pater-familias. His family gatherings in his beautiful summer home are more pleasant to behold than the grandes fetes of his confreres in New York. Truly, the Creator has lavished an entire cornucopia upon this man.

* * *

Sometimes in the course of a lifetime a man is forced into a false position and remains there. Such is L. E. Holden's experience. He fell first into the Democratic camp, thence strayed to the Popocratic stronghold. He never was really and truly at home in either. His appropriate place is in the pulpit.

* * *

Dr. C. B. Parker is a humanitarian with sure eye and steady hand. He cuts not to wound, but to heal. His knowledge of the humane in the human is as great as that of the human in the humane. As a great surgeon the X-rays reveal to him little more than the friendly rays of his own clear vision.

* * *

Something about Senator Elroy M. Avery there is which reminds me of a big, uncouth schoolboy of roughly hewn features. His professed Americanism is subject to doubt, for it lacks breadth, universality, generosity, in short, all those qualities which make the American the most modern and the foremost representative of the race.

A smile upon General Ed. S. Meyer's face is rare as a sun-beam upon a cloudy day. Yet, his inner life must be all sunshine and security, for he not only strives to do his duty in all things, but he does it. A higher compliment can be paid to no man.

* * *

Ex-Judge Conway W. Noble's conception of justice ennobled the bench upon which he sat. He was stern as the Jehovah of the Old Testament, for whose tender mercies we must look to the Son.

* * *

Ex-Congressman W. J. White has not lost his quiet and modest dignity since "Heaven gave him riches." This fact proves conclusively that he is not only a wise man, according to Shakespeare, but also a man good at heart.

* * *

Professor Olney's knowledge of true works of art is questioned by some of our local painters. The reason is obvious, but of late the good professor has become very partial to religious subjects in the art world.





THE DIRECTOR.

Our Public Schools.



IT is said that the public schools of our city suffer under what may be termed the Draper system. Judge Draper, the late superintendent, was a man of showy inclinations, a lawyer and a politician. Accustomed to dealing with men, he failed to comprehend children or understand their wants. His abruptness of manner and haughtiness toward the teachers were not inspiring. But his greater sin was in the inculcation of a "system" of education, and we are now reaping the whirlwind for the "wind" he sowed.

A sigh of relief from the teachers signaled his departure from our city, and the instructors returned to their duties with renewed pleasure and more love for them under the guidance of a large-hearted gentleman and gifted educator. Granted that Superintendent Jones has not yet been able to realize his ideals in the management of the educational portion of our schools, it must be owing to the legacy left by his predecessor. Even as a trustee of this weighty inheritance, his duties to the public are paramount to all other obligations. Director Sargent must be, and no doubt is, aware of this. Naturally, changes in the course of study are not to be lightly taken up, and making such alterations is surrounded with peculiar difficulties. The school council is to be contended with; likewise the omniscient citizen who "knows it all;" last but not least is the latent opposition of the hard-working teachers who, having at length worn a tolerably smooth rut in the rugged road laid out by Judge Draper, are disinclined to leave it. The demand for a change is, at this time,

almost universal. The burdensome system, with its plethora of sounding titles and barrenness of results has become an object of

hatred. Especially are laughter, ridicule and hissing leveled at the science work in the lower grades.



The irony of it lies in the fact that no more scientific work is actually performed in these grades than in a reading lesson in any well-conducted, modern country school. Judge Draper's conception of the thing was that it should be provided with a name, a nice name, one that would sound well the country over. It may be true that some of the over-zealous teachers overstepped the mark in sending their pupils to the woods in quest of leaf-

lets, beetles or frogs—but now the high-sounding title of Science Work comes back to us—with a vengeance.

Recently the text-book committee of the School Council requested Mr. Jones to furnish a list of studies, to be mailed to persons in the city who are interested in school work. Mark the rule! The omniscient citizen was to be again called upon. The council desires to inquire of the blacksmith as to the best process for making coats, of the tailor craves information as to lock-making. Why not leave the entire matter of reforming the course of study to the superintendent? Why not go to the teachers for information upon school matters?

Even a college professor is not always the best person to appeal to in matters of primary instruction. The practical teachers, breaking down under the weight of the new, top-heavy course of instruction, as Superintendent Jones himself admits, are completely ignored. Nobody consults them, who assuredly are best

informed on the subject. They have no voice in affairs intimately concerning their own and their pupils' welfare.

Mr. Jones very properly opposed the proposition of the textbook committee in reference to science studies in the lower grades, and substituted as his own idea, a series of lectures. He could hardly have done better. As men and women of intelligence, the members of our school council should be magnanimous enough to give Mr. Jones a free hand. The duty of providing a course of study is vested in Mr. Jones' office by the school laws. The authority of the school council extends only to their approving or not the plan submitted them by the superintendent.

The Draper system not only drew its deadly coil about the lower grades, but embraced the high schools also. In a certain measure, at least, the high schools have become intellectually bankrupt universities. Boys and girls of fourteen or fifteen, too young to know their own minds, are free to choose of three or four studies, like college students, and for a school year pursue those studies to the detriment of a uniform mental and moral development. They are over-loaded with sameness in study, and consequently ignorant of that wider knowledge which produces broad-minded, cultured men and women. The system of teaching in our high schools has dwindled into a series of recitations, the *juste milieu* of guidance and rehearsal being lost.



The portly volume containing the annual report of Judge Draper reads like the catalogue of a university. It exhibits a splendid list of scientific nomen-

clature, and doubtless the world at large has a very good opinion of our public school system. But we, here at home, know something of the practical operation of the machinery, and that our



children know as little or as much as the youth of less "favored" cities. They certainly know not an iota more, but they have come to understand that their teachers occupy a plane much beneath the pompous superintendent of a few years ago. Is it any wonder that Mr. Jones refers to-day to the inability of many teachers to maintain order in school and to

teach at the same time? Doubtless it is true that the classes are too large. It is also a fact that the authority of the teachers over their pupils has suffered to a lamentable extent through the tyrannical manner in which the former superintendent ruled over them. Once broken, the spirit of independence rarely rises again.

ANOTHER POINT.

It is not within the scope of this article to investigate the relation of Director Sargent to the educational department of our schools. Suffice it, that he is often consulted in matters pertaining to the superintendent's department—perhaps too often. None the less, the people are satisfied with his administration as a whole, and I shall not enter into controversy with my fellow citizens over it.

Director Sargent has been censured for the maintenance of large classes in the schools. His watchword is "large classes" for economy's sake. His intention is commendable, no doubt, and he may be forced to practice parsimony by existing circumstances; yet we ought to see to it that our public schools do not suffer for insufficiency of financial means. If director and school council are unable to provide necessary funds for the proper conduct of our schools, I propose the creation of a school "park board," as a sure and certain remedy.

It must not be supposed that disapproval of the course of study is universal among those who are versed in school affairs. There be school officials who ascribe the investigation into the present course to the ambition of members who hope for re-election this spring, and who found it necessary to attract the attention of the voting populace to themselves. Such a political scheme is within the range of possibility, for it must be admitted that political influences are as dominant in our schools at the present as they were in former times. The federal plan could not change the natures of men who seek office—it merely changed the system. And who will deny that Director Sargent, with the assistance of his little secretary, is a shrewd politician? His forces are strongly organized, and yet no cry of "machine" is raised. His working force is assessed at election time to pay a part of the campaign expenses. The director, of course, knows nothing of this; his middlemen taking care of all reprehensible matters. Verily, a commodious institution is an interpreter of one's wishes.

In spite of all, it cannot be justly charged that Mr. Sargent does not work for the interest of the schools. He has given many proofs of the fact that he has their welfare at heart. Neither does it follow that a good politician must be a bad business man. The contrary is more probably true, since the talent of organization is necessarily a part of the make-up of each. It is political "deals" that make politics especially obnoxious; that

often crowd good men out and push bad men into office. The "deals" cost the people's money.

A bad and sad spectacle was offered in the last spring campaign, when three members of the school council were candidates for the directorship. Their names should be placed on record. Of course, it was said that Messrs. Downie and Backus had a perfect right to come before the people as candidates. They were free to expose their political aspirations, to remind us of the fact that office-seekers are occupying seats in the school council and that their attitude toward the schools was governed by selfish purposes. 'Think of the "deals"!' But we must not be too severe, for we need public officials to do public work, and if good men are willing to sacrifice themselves I am the last to wish to throw stones at them.



In the Playhouses.

KING ARTHUR.



At a recent rendition of "King Arthur" by Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, it was my fortune (or misfortune?) to find at my right elbow a gentleman of critical instincts. This loquacious gentleman (as he proved to be) interlarded the events of the play with a running fire of comment, accompanied by mild gestures, the objective point of the latter being my ribs. My attention, however, was held by the drama, rather than distracted by his criticisms and witticisms.

The beautiful prologue, "Excalibur," was recited by Mr. Irving, and as I had not before heard him, the charm of his artistic way of bringing out the beauty of every line, was fresh and pleasing. That man, I thought, knows the value of each word he utters and gives to each a wonderful coloring and shading.

"He is surely not Irving, for I do not understand a single word of what he says," whispered my neighbor.

"Perhaps you do not understand English," I answered.

Before he could reply the Spirit of the Lake began her mystic sing-song, during the rendition of which my neighbor seemed to fall into a light slumber. He woke as the curtain fell.

"I suppose that song was from 'Fantasma,'" he said. "There was no need for their coming over from England to produce such a thing. They are too slow for us over there, anyway."

I smiled and held my peace. The scene had been beautiful, poetic, entrancing.

During the evening my neighbor found little to praise. He could not become reconciled to the diction of the actor, who, in pronouncing certain words, "twisted his mouth as if the syllables were little sticks lying horizontally in his cavity of speech so that he could not spit them out," my neighbor said.

Again, he said musingly: "His voice does not sound clear in a certain high pitch. He ought to blow his nose."

I doubt not that this terrible, crude critic had read something of the sort in the newspapers, and had attempted to interpret what he read in his own strong language. Some shadow of truth lingered over his remarks, but not enough to justify his onslaught upon a great and honored actor.

A great actor!

"Why, my good man," my neighbor exclaimed, "Irving could have learned a heap from our departed Booth."

Yet, the great, artistic repose of Irving reminded me of Booth, whom I last saw in "Hamlet" shortly before his retirement from the stage. Booth was then an old man. Irving, too, seemed to me to be old (he is, in fact, well along in years), appearing scarcely strong enough to stalk across the stage in heavy armor. I wondered how many years of toil, artistic strife and success are yet in store for him. Not many, I thought.

He was called before the curtain by the prolonged applause of the audience, and sought to show his gratitude in a short speech. It was not only short, but it was a poor speech. The old knight stood with knees slightly bent, leaning heavily upon his sword. The dignity of his demeanor alone restrained the feeling of pity which filled my heart for this poor, great man.

But how well the part he played fitted his natural infirmities. King Arthur was no longer a young man at the time of "the passing of Arthur," but was one who declares: "I have lived my life."

My neighbor was disgusted with the applause. He opined that the audience had paid so much for their seats that they were bound to make it appear that they derived immense enjoyment from the expenditure. "It is all show. They are deceiving themselves," was his unfriendly conclusion.

Miss Ellen Terry as "Guenivere" found more favor in his eyes. To him she was the greater artist of the two. She certainly was a beautiful queen; tall, graceful as a young tree of the Whitethorn wood, sweet and lovely as a flower in May. Her guilty love for Lancelot, sinful in the eyes of the world, was almost sanctified by the fragrance of her poetic nature. But who could imagine anything more lovely than the woodland scene in the second act? Is there a purer apparition than that of the queen in her bevy of young maidens?

It is through its purity of motive, its Tennysonian poesy and through its representation and staging as conceived by Irving that the drama of King Arthur becomes one of the noblest creations of art. These are the influences which arouse a cultured audience to enthusiasm, cause silk handkerchiefs to wave and kid gloves to be split. It matters little whether Irving is the greatest living English speaking actor or not. His interpretation of "King Arthur" was masterly enough to form a beautiful relief in the superb picture of the drama.

My neighbor would not have it that way. He declared the actors upon the stage as stiff as the knights in "Ivanhoe." He went so far as to suggest that they might be wax figures from Madame Tousseaut's museum in London, into which clock works had been inserted. The somewhat stately English stage mannerisms were utterly foreign to his restless Americanism. He wished for the piquancy of a modern dramatic subject, the quick,

passionate pulsation of modern hearts, the gowns that, in hiding, expose the "new woman's" charms. In short, he wanted a French drama, and found to his displeasure a sweet, English poem, full of noble sentiments, lofty purpose and human failings, which may be forgiven because they are no part of a wicked nature, but belong to healthy beings with strength and virtue enough to atone and suffer for their waywardness.

"IZEYL."

The hypocrisy of the age has produced a wonderful play, "Izeyl." Its production by Sara Bernhardt and her company at the Euclid Avenue Opera House was a revelation. It revealed to the audience a life-picture of Christ, an episode in which Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist play an important and interesting part.

The plot of the piece: A temptation of Christ, concealed beneath an accommodating date and the splendor of oriental luxury. The Son of God appears as fittingly as a powerful and beautiful prince, ignorant of the miseries of this world.

John the Baptist, a fanatic of truth, enters. He reveals to the unsuspecting prince a world of woe, points out to him the vanity of terrestrial life and the grandeur of truth and eternity. The prince, a strong man, retires into the mountains to devote himself, henceforth, to the study of the great spiritual problems. He soon becomes famous as a moralist and a teacher. Under the branches of a great tree this beautiful, human Christ preaches a sermon on the mount to the multitude who flock to hear him. A famous courtesan, whom we will call Mary Magdalen, had defied John the Baptist to take her from the prince with whom she is in love, and wanders to the sacred spot, where the new gospel was preached to the astonished world.

With all the charms of a beautiful woman, a most splendid and lovely creature—an enamored Sara Bernhardt—this Mary Magdalen seeks to seduce the love of Christ to a human passion.

The temptation is more fascinating, more bewitching than that of the evil one in the desert. What are all the possessions of earth to a man whose kingdom is not of earth, against the soft and warm eternal life, pulsating in a masterpiece of the great Creator? The struggle of the prince is great—really superhuman, yet he comes from it the victor; the purely spiritual conquers the wicked flesh. The woman, theretofore confident of success, not only acknowledges defeat, but becomes satisfied that her hopeless, carnal affection should be converted into a purer flame, such as Christendom demands of the true disciple of its teachings. In this conversion lies a world of poesy, the secret charm of the piece.

Those who saw the slender, beautiful figure of Bernhardt twining itself about the strong prophet like the sinuous, brilliantly-colored body of a snake trembled for the man. It was a terrible and a sublime moment. The siren's voice of the actress was irresistible in its pleading accents—only a god could withstand such tender allurements. Who, under such circumstances, would have dared to blame even a hero for succumbing to the charms of this woman?

The result of the victory was as beautiful as the victory itself. It proved the spiritual salvation of a woman, the purification of a human body recognized as the habitation of an eternal soul. It matters little that this woman afterward commits the crime of murder. The act speaks to the spectator as a just punishment dealt out to a brute. The death blow is not only inflicted in self-defense and in the defense of woman's virtue, but further, to preserve the life of a dear master. Was ever better excuse for murder?

Justice, to be sure, as we understand it, demands life for life. Izeyl must die to expiate her crime. The poor creature is slowly stoned to death at the hands of an ignoble mob which well represents our semi-barbarian notion of just retribution. Here Sara Bernhardt's personality and her rare genius again excite our inter-

est in and pity for the suffering woman, who no longer fears death as in the days of her sinful life, but whose agony lies in the fear of not again seeing her Master. Yet her torment has not reached its climax. She is blinded. Only the faint hope is left that she may yet hear his voice and touch his garment. For art's sake, she has certainly suffered enough. The Master appears at the last moment, bringing with him the greatest happiness that poor, bruised Izeyl has ever experienced. To her soul, standing, as it were, at the threshold of its flight, he tells the story of his love for her. He recalls the scene under the old tree, and confesses to the struggle with himself and against her loveliness. He touches the heart of the woman, the longing, human being. More, he enraptures the heaven bound soul by telling to it the story of eternal love, far outlasting bodily existence. Never died a woman happier than Izeyl, in the superb ending of a human drama in the fashioning of which the hand of a god can be seen.

The disguised episode in the life of Christ, which may be termed the love-dream of the Saviour, is strikingly revealed in the true characters of the play, when church bells burst forth at a time supposed to be six hundred years before the foundation of the Christian church which, even in our days, treats as blasphemy the dramatization of the character of Christ.





Music.

The greatest discord exists among our musicians. The proverbial jealousy of actors and artists is as only an echo compared with the musical dissonance.

A mild rendition of their mutual criticism sounds about as follows :

"A—— never was a great leader; but, now, either he or his baton is asleep during most of the concerts."

"B—— is too big a man for our town. He knows it all."

"H—— plays fairly well, but he is more cunning than a fox."

"S—— is ambitious and ready to undertake more than his talents warrant."

"R—— is a good musician, but no orchestra leader."

"The compositions of S—— are soap-bubbles."

The Fortnightly Club says: "We want a leader who is less of an artist and more of a gentleman."

This is shocking. All these gentlemen stand in the front rank of local musicians, while the views of the Fortnightly Club, as a rule, are lofty and artistic. Many men of great talent have left the city on account of the unpleasant relations existing among our musicians. Is it to be wondered at that even Detroit is of more consequence in matters musical than Cleveland? The *Musikanten* alone seem to move in unison—rather in distinct herds, like buffaloes.

* * *

The Dutch pianist, Martin Sieveking, is a great linguist. He speaks six modern languages and plays magnificently besides. His technique is perfect, as he showed in the exhibition which he gave in November under the auspices of the Fortnightly Club. It was a musical treat, though Sieveking can hardly be classed among the foremost pianists of the day. He lacks imagination. His pictures, seen in the shop windows, were great in artistic conception, of true Flemish style.

* * *

Shall I sing the praise of Rosenthal, the pianist, in the tune of Bloomfield-Zeisler, Wolfsohn and Jacobsohn, Goldberg and Silberblatt, Bernstein and Veilchenduft? You ask too much of me, for he fell sick before he reached our city.

* * *

Madam Nordica was a revelation. In her the artist was complete as the musician. I find but one thing of which to complain—that we enjoy too seldom the visits of really great singers. For this exception we are indebted to Jean de Reszké.

* * *

The Singers' Club has improved rapidly during the last few years. Its concerts are the more enjoyable because the tenor voices are not noisy, as is often the case among our German singing societies.

Especial notice is due to Max Heinrich, whose success at a recent concert was unprecedented, in that he awoke a Cleveland audience from its usual slumbrous attitude. Mr. Heinrich is an excellent interpreter of the Folk Lore, the *lied* of the Vaterland, the chanson of the French Montagnard, the Italian serenada.

* * *

Another concert of the Singers' Club was memorable for the non-appearance of the beautiful and rich Mrs. Sprague, whose artistic career had been shattered by the critical blockheads of Boston town. It was too bad, but in place of Mrs. Sprague we made the acquaintance of Mrs. Wyman, a lady gifted with a very pleasant voice.

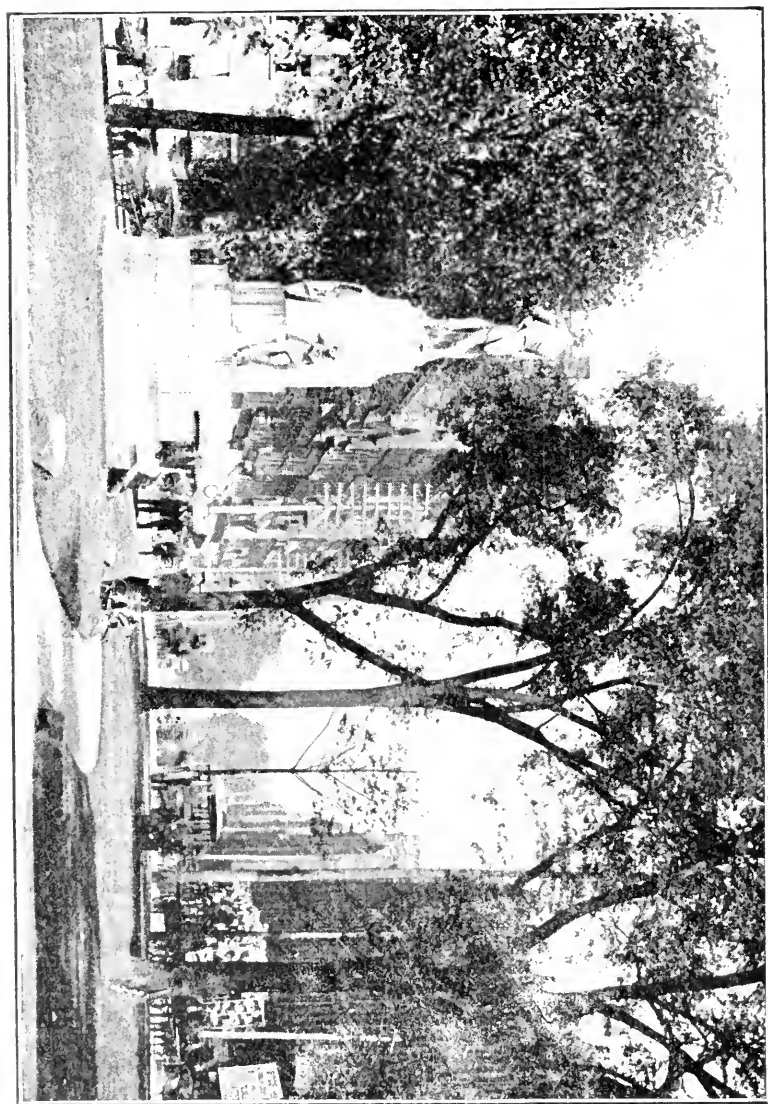
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The Cleveland Vocal Society's presentation of the "Earl-King's Daughter," by Niels W. Gade, was a very laudable undertaking. The libretto treats of a Danish legend, a weird story told in the green of the northern pine forest. The music is admirably adapted to the words, being in turn sweet, strong, nervy and unquiet, like the tale itself. Miss Mary Louise Clary sang the parts of Oluf's mother and the Earl-King's daughter with artistic taste and great warmth. Mr. Howard M. Vost was not less successful in his rendition of the part of Oluf. I still hear him sing:

"Night, thou art silent! The moon alone
Keeps watch, and o'er the thicket glistens—
A bird now warbles with sweetest tone,
But ill may o'ertake him who listens."

* * *

There are two reasons why we have no longer a Philharmonic Orchestra in Cleveland. In the first place, our rich people are too poor to subsidize such an organization; and in the second, our musical unions can not bear the sight of an artist musician who does not stoop to their journeymen's level. More need not be said.



Fine Arts.



OUR Art Society, our Art Club, our Art School, our Brush and Pallet Club, our Water Color Society—each and all deserve more credit than is accorded them by disgruntled would-be critics and less flattery than is bestowed upon them by the newspapers.

The art life of our city is, in the main, confined to these five associations. The great Art Society, which gave us two fine exhibitions in its day, fell asleep over two years ago, and did not wake even in the din of the Centennial celebration. An exhibition of statuary is now in order. If there be a scarcity of material, I beg to recommend the defunct nymph of Pelton Park, plaster casts of the reliefs which adorn the interior of our Soldiers' and Sailors' monument, and the broken casts of statuary hidden away in the basement of the Court House. There you have a beginning.

I feel kindly toward the school of the Art Club and the Art School. Both institutions are doing as well as is possible for them to do in the absence of an art gallery. For the present, we have the millions, but not the gallery—the money but not the pictures. The trustees of these funds are gentlemen of great technical conscience, who found so many laws in their way that they have rolled themselves up, apparently, in a robe of technicalities and therein sleep. This is a second case of somnia in our art life, and there may be others. Alas! alik! alek! The good, public-spirited citizens who left us noble legacies for art purposes can not sleep more soundly beneath their tombstones than do the administrators of their trusts upon our rights.

There are many rich men in our city. There are also a few good painters. They never find each other. As a result the rich own bad pictures while the poor painters keep their good productions. Gentlemen like Charles F. Brush, W. J. White, Professor Olney and a few others who buy pictures might well afford to patronize painters such as Semon, Schubert or Gottwald, without risk of making a poor purchase.

I venture the assertion that Semon is second to no landscape painter in the country. A visit to his studio in the City Hall will satisfy any sceptic. Few painters there are who have deeper insight to the beauties of nature; few as faithfully devoted to their art, and few who are able to portray an out-of-door evening with such correctness and poetic feeling. He reveals American nature in her versatile and beautiful aspect. Yet, this artist is too greatly hampered by financial straits to do justice to his genius. It is a shame. Gottwald's best time is employed in teaching pupils for the most part indifferent. Schubert's struggle is the same as Semon's. Is it to be ever thus?

EXHIBITIONS.

Not a room suitable for the exhibition of paintings is to be found in Cleveland. Our painters are too poor to engage a hall, and no one else seems inclined to do so for them. Natt's art store is at their disposal, but Mr. Natt, himself, was obliged to give up a more spacious place to reduce expense. Where shall the artists and art lovers go?

Circumstances made the Fall exhibition of the Brush and Pallet Club almost a failure. The best pictures were kept in the artists' studios. The works on exhibition could not be enjoyed—the light was too poor and could not be improved. It proved, perhaps, that M. F. DeKlyn and Adam Lehr, whose pictures hung in fair places, were capable of work creditable to themselves, and that Miss Nina Waldeck overtaxed her talent in "Home Talent." The "Sunset on Lake Erie," by John Kavanaugh, "showed up well." Poor, dear John.

The third annual exhibition of the Water Color Society was a bit more successful, the hanging of water colors being less tedious than placing oil paintings. There was some good work there, and the reverse need not be mentioned.

* * *

Ora Coltman's portrait of Henry H. Stephens is beautiful in its distribution of light and shadow. Her "Meadow of Golden Rod" is of splendid warmth. George C. Groll, whose brush is sometimes as sharp as a steel chisel, surprised us by the softness of his "Autumn Evening" and his "Days of Long Ago." His "Mid-winter" is less commendable, owing to the chisel treatment aforementioned. Anna P. Oviatt's work was fairly good. Otto Rutenik was represented by a pretty "Autumn Sunset in the Woods."

* * *

The gem of the exhibition was O. V. Schubert's "On the Banks," his treatment of the water being splendid. A wonderful atmosphere permeates the picture. It represents a sailing smack in a foggy morning. The waters are stirred and of a bluish gray tone. You perceive that the sun is hidden somewhere above the mists.

* * *

Caroline Williams is a fine colorist, while Carolyn T. Witlesey rejoices in painting big, red poppies by the dozen. For what purpose?

* * *

Late in 1896 Louis Ransom, an old American painter, exhibited in The Arcade a Christ of heroic size, calling his picture "Follow Me." His conception of the Friend of man, "whose right arm is raised while the left hand waves on His followers," is somewhat out of the ordinary. We see the Saviour as a man of great strength—with the muscles of a blacksmith, even. The spiritual is expressed in the pallor of the face, rather than in the features; an oddity by which the merit of the work is judged. Hence, it attracted little attention.

The Cleveland Art Exhibition Society is a company which deals in paintings of every description. Its exhibitions are interesting and varied. They are a good study for the art student and a source of pleasure to the art amateur. Not all the exhibits are good, but most of them are worth seeing.



A Religious Page.

THE MINISTER AND THE BICYCLE.

A prominent East End clergyman says: "The wheel is born of God, and the churches are going to make it a great factor in the salvation of souls."—*Leader*.

Which may be supplemented by the following lines:

Heavenward the soul doth ride,
 On a Cleveland tire;
 Angels wheeling by its side,
 Keep it from the mire.
 For the road is dark and steep,
 Souls are sometimes flighty,
 Oft' the mud is ankle-deep—
 Bless the Lord Almighty.

* * *

The splendid lectures of Rev. John Malcolm are sometimes battles between the thinker and the clergyman—in which the latter wins.

THE LORD AND THE GOLDBUG DO PREVAIL.

Bishop I. P. Newman said: "God is conducting this campaign. It is His campaign, and the result is as certain as all His works. God will have placed Major McKinley, the center of human honesty, at the center of the power of nations—the mountain-top of honesty."

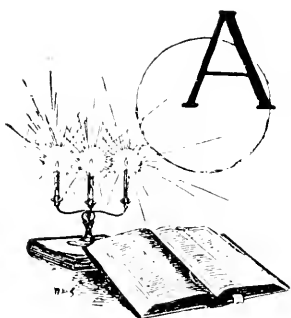
The good bishop was undoubtedly inspired.



NATIONAL CLOTHES

ALESSANDRO SALVINI.

The Newspapers.



AM asked to say a word concerning the newspapers of Cleveland. The task is a "ticklish" one, and commendable only in that it must be brief. I dare not speak the truth, and I do not wish to lie; therefore I merely remark that our newspapers are "all right." They are all right even as is the man who has lost his left arm and leg.

The *Leader* is "all right" as long as it refrains from political expression. On this subject it is monomaniac, and its mania is Republicanism, more intense than the Catholicism of the Pope of Rome. This is not my own idea, but the opinion of many strong Republicans. It is "all right" in advocating the eight-hour work day, but it exacts from its own scribes daily work of twelve to eighteen hours.

The *Plain Dealer* is all right. Years ago it was a rather sickly sheet, but of late has waxed strong and is doing right well, even without taking the "gold cure." Thus far, it appears, silver is the handier metal upon which to build, in the judgment of the *P. D.*

What's the matter with the editorial writer of the *Press*? He is "all right." This, even though he be at present only the father of light-footed, pleasing and perfumed epigrams which flirt daily with the reading public. But he can do more, since he amuses the dear public by permitting large "whoppers of canards" to fly up into the air from the news columns of the *Press*.

The *Recorder* is making a good record as a progressive and aggressive newspaper, and it also is "all right." May it be true

to its name, and never become a Miss Leader instead of a steadfast recorder.

The *World*, say the optimists, is all right. Be it so. I live not in its world, but from a distance I see flocks of "canards" fly past the fair horizon.

The *Wacchter und Anzeiger* must be all right, for most of us can not read it. It has among its readers 17,000 registered voters of Cleveland who were born in Germany, and their children, to say nothing of the natives of Poland, Switzerland, Bohemia, Austria, Holland, Sweden and Denmark. It cultivates the truth with greater assiduity than its English rivals, but that, of course, is the "German of it." German readers believe in their newspaper.

A GERMAN EDITORIAL.

"The occasional agitation against the study of German in our public schools forms one of those undercurrents of reaction which are always to be found in the progress of a nation. It may be traced to the sluggish elements which are carried along against their will, and are occasionally successful in staunching the mighty flow of intellectual development. They are the busy-bodies or retardation, the same narrow-minded patriots who clung to the 'English Idea' during our revolutionary times, while their neighbors were up in arms against tyranny and oppression. We find them as the self-elected critics of a Benjamin Franklin, a Washington Irving, as the enemies of a Thomas Paine. Again, we meet them at Hartford in 1814, offering prohibitory amendments to the Constitution, failing miserably and exposing themselves to the ridicule of the nation. Twenty years later the same spirit of intolerance arose anew to oppose all thought and all utterance against slavery, already obnoxious to the more liberal-minded of the population of our vast land. It finally took a murderous aspect, the victim of which was the poor Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy, of Alton, Ill. 'He gave his breast to the bullets of a mob,' says Emerson in his essay on heroism, 'for the right of free

speech and opinion, and died when it was better not to live.' For a time preceding the rebellion Daniel Webster fought the old fight with all his mighty eloquence, declaring himself opposed to all agitators, all narrow and local contests. In the 'Know-Nothing' party, which begot in spirit the American Protective Association of this day, we discover once more the old foe to a broad, intellectual development upon a basis of noble human brotherhood.!

"In these closing years of the nineteenth century, we find the world progressing toward cosmopolitan intercourse. The sciences and the arts are breaking all barriers. We preach universal peace and sneer at the Chinese Wall. Congresses of religion seek to abolish sectarianism. Workingmen of the old world send their greetings to the workingmen of the new. Capital, united, embraces the world, and the sun shines for all.

"In the midst of all this turmoil, humming and buzzing, stands the little band of reactionists, seeking to stay the movement of the surging sea of on-driven humanity. Folly! Their defeat is inevitable. The position of the English press of our city is no credit to its progressive character."



Feuilleton.

CLASSICAL COURTSHIPS.

HOW THE OLD ROMANS MADE
LOVE IN THEIR TIMES.



ALMOST in every art store in the United States, prints of Paul Thumann's "Spring of Love" may be seen. It is a masterpiece of the fine arts, setting forth the elegant simplicity of the Roman people in the time of Rome's splendor and prosperity. It depicts two figures, one of a man and the other of a woman, walking over a clearing in a grove. He is seen in the act of slightly stooping forward to inhale the odor of a fragrant rose extended to him by the graceful bend of a beautiful hand. Of what do they speak?

"Let me drink the scent, and let me drink the soul;
Give me the rose, with a free and favoring hand,"

answers the poet. Yet, love making in itself, as practiced by the Romans, differs little from that adhered to by our youth. At the circus the Roman lover sought by all means to obtain a seat near the object of his adoration. The news of the day—even weather talk—served him as a topic of conversation. When the races began he took care to learn which hero was favorite of the young lady. Such, of course, was his choice also, and her applause was echoed by his own. Then a terrible dust arose in the arena and settled over the audience. The lady's raiment was covered with it. "Pardon, domina," the lover would say, as he set himself to dust her garments with his fingers. Ovid tells the young man to dust the toga of his mistress, even if it be spotless. The lover

must also be watchful lest his *inamorata* be molested by persons in the rear seats. He performed the duty of fanning her with the gravity of a college professor, and with much devotion placed the footstools beneath her little feet. These, by the way, were not less admired in the olden time than nowadays. As the circus season continued for a considerable time, the young people would within its length become well acquainted. Upon their meeting in the street afterward, she answered his greeting with a friendly smile. Chance favoring him, he would occasionally find an opportunity to walk beside her litter, to the great annoyance of the chairmen. These fellows, to rid themselves of the intruder, would fall into a trot and thus compel the lover to "sprint" until out of breath. It was the Roman lover's habit, too, to praise his sweetheart's charms in verse, but thus far in his course he would not have taken a decisive step toward declaring himself.

The bathing season is drawing near. "Will she go to Alsinnus, Tiber or Bajae?" he asks himself a hundred times. She goes to Bajae, the Saratoga of the Roman Empire. He immediately sets out by a different road and arrives at the watering-place a day before his Lydia or Saphinia. To their mutual surprise they meet at the promenade, and are not a little chagrined at their unexpected good luck. An easier and more intimate relation springs up between the young people, and generally culminates in a charming avowal of her affection for him. It is the same old story, whether a lover says "*amo te*" or "I love you," or whether he gives her a kiss or a *basia*.

The Roman lover was always a beardless fellow. Were he unable to fascinate the ladies by the twist of his mustachios, he might charm them by his versatility. Quarrels were frequent, as the ladies were generally of a very jealous disposition. Lydia would refuse to be kissed. "*Deliciae meae*," he pleaded. If his pleadings proved vain, he would leave her in anger and dejection, perhaps calling to mind the old song of Horace: "*Douce gratus*

eram tibi" (When you were loving me). Their love-spats, however, were short lived, especially during the ice-cream season. The Roman maiden knew as well how to spell ice-cream as her prototype of to-day. Birthday presents were much in vogue in those days, and many a fine fellow ruined himself through his endeavor to supply his lady love with extravagant gifts, while his Dulcinea wished for a birthday every day in the year.

The classical poets and authors from whose works we gather all this, do not speak favorably of the Roman girls. They complain especially of their artfulness and trickery. Young ladies scrupulously avoided creating any impression that they felt natural wants. The Roman maiden was never hungry in the presence of her lover; she ceased eating long before her appetite was satisfied, and drank little. Hardly had he left, however, when she would order half a pig's head with the ear on and do full justice to that favorite Roman dish.

It may be seen from the foregoing sketch that these long-forgotten Roman beauties might have given a "pointer" to the most accomplished belles of our days.

CELESTIAL LIARS.

Speaking of lies reminds me that a friend recently assured me that falsehood was not universally regarded as sin. Some of the ladies present were horrified, of course, uttering little shrieks of dismay at the assertion. They did not consider that their "petits manœuvres" were in themselves proof sufficient to establishing the theory as a fact.

"In Europe," said my friend, who has circumnavigated the world, "people generally expect the truth from everyone who is neither a politician, traveler or newspaper reporter. In America, lying is an accomplishment in conversation, and he can not be fashionable who is unable to tell his story."

General protest; further shrieks of dissent.

"Are not our humorists all great liars?" continued the wicked fellow. "And what journalist can make a 'hit' by relating nothing but bare, naked truth? In Asia nobody, not even the modest peasant, always speaks the truth. There, lying is an indication of culture and of education. In Africa the people are not sufficiently educated to lie for the sake of lying. They will tell the truth or lie, according to their advantage derived. The Australians resemble the Yankees in their habit of playing fast and loose with the facts. Politically Australia is an English colony; intellectually it is becoming more and more an instantaneous photograph of the United States."

"Who are the greatest liars?" asked one of the party.

"The Chinese."

"The horrid things," exclaimed a young lady.

"Congress does do well to shut them out of our country," quietly observed an elderly lady. My traveled friend continued:

"Lying has grown to be a sort of religion in China, although it does not come from a surplus of imagination. Even the inhabitants of Kreta, whose ingenuity in distorting the truth was famous in classical times could not have outdone an average Chinese liar. From a social and esthetic point of view the celestial statement disdains to speak truth. Any ordinary mortal can do that. To lie is for him a mark of distinction. A Chinese chancellor dare not speak the truth unless he has been recognized as a genius. Then it becomes easy for him to be a politician, as from the beginning of his career no one believes a word of his. Should a Chinese politician be forced to speak the truth, he will do it with great care, and in a very parsimonious way."

"The common people, who are not politicians, are under no such obligations to lie," ventured one of the party.

"Everyone there lies, because they can't help themselves. If the durzi of the hindoos, (a tailor who works in the house of his patrons) wants a holiday, he asks leave of absence on account

of the death of his mother, although she may have died a dozen times within the year for the same purpose. He would consider it impolite to ask the favor for a lesser reason and insolent to speak the truth. Further, he has good ground for his lamentations, which are calculated to touch the heart of his mem-sahib, or master. Most of the lying, however, is done to please. Not for the world would an Indian tell you a disagreeable thing. His answer is always calculated to please. One day our party turned homeward after a hunting trip. Everyone was tired to death. We asked a 'riot' (peasant) the distance to the next village. The man, noticing our weariness and guessing that we wished to be near our destination, answered politely: 'You are quite near to it. It is hardly half a kos (rod) from here.' On we marched for four, five miles, and still nothing of the village was to be seen. We cursed the polite Hindoo, and agreed that the missions had accomplished little in those regions."

"A Chinese is ever ready to give the most minute information concerning matters of which he is entirely ignorant. He beats an American critic, even in that line. As a rule he does not dislike white people until he learns to know them well. He regards us as creatures with a sickly mania for making a fuss over every little thing and wonders at our curiosity. We are monkeys to him, and therefore he treats us with patronizing contempt. He dislikes our restlessness (it sometimes stirs him up a bit), for the greatest of sins in China is to interfere with another's comfort. Added to that, an American is to him a man with very funny eyes which forever prevent his becoming a thing of beauty."

"These eyes are not only cut horizontally, but they lie deeply hidden in the head, and from the Chinese point of view, one never knows what they see or fail to see. He walks as if there were no joints in his bones, and as a rule he is red haired."

"They must be color-blind," laughed the young lady who last spoke.

"Maybe," rejoined the speaker; "but for all that they do not think us quite harmless, and they handle us with the same care that they do the truth."

"Let us hear more of your adventures," said another.

"Well, I hired a guide one day to show me through a town and explain the sights. The man knew the story of every monument, to the smallest details. He gave me explanations with rapid versatility, but surprised me by inquiring the way from one point of interest to another of persons in the street. I discovered at length, to my astonishment, that my clever guide was as much a stranger in town as I."

The little company laughed at the joke upon the traveler, who resumed: "Although these fellows lie, it will not do to be too strict with your Chinese servants. They are obedient as slaves, provided you insist upon obedience. An English lady whose acquaintance I made in China, had instructed her maid that she was always at home to visitors. One of the consequences of the information was that the girl led me into her mistress' room at a time when the lady was engaged in taking an afternoon bath. She had always insisted upon strict obedience."



The Kiss.

THE LOVER.

My burning kisses, lovely girl,
Singe not thy childhood's innocence.
Why should the fragrant flower fear
The hot rays of the Summer's day,
When in the pale and silent night
It drinks the cool and pearly dew?

THE LADY.

But where, in all the fiery passion,
Is cooling fountain for the heart?

THE LOVER.

Seek in its purity to find it.
True love in the chaste soul, O dearest,
Springs forth, a blessed stream of light,
Sent by the Soul of nature, God.

THE LADY.

Thou wouldst interpret then, my friend,
That when thy lips are seeking mine
Thou strivest for my soul, and I
By offering the lips, give thee the soul.

THE LOVER.

And, in this union of the souls,
Lies all the sweetness of a kiss.

THE LADY.

Now do I understand the harmony
Of thought and heart, when I with thee
Walk by the murmuring, silver brook,
And listen to the evening notes.

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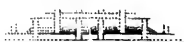
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